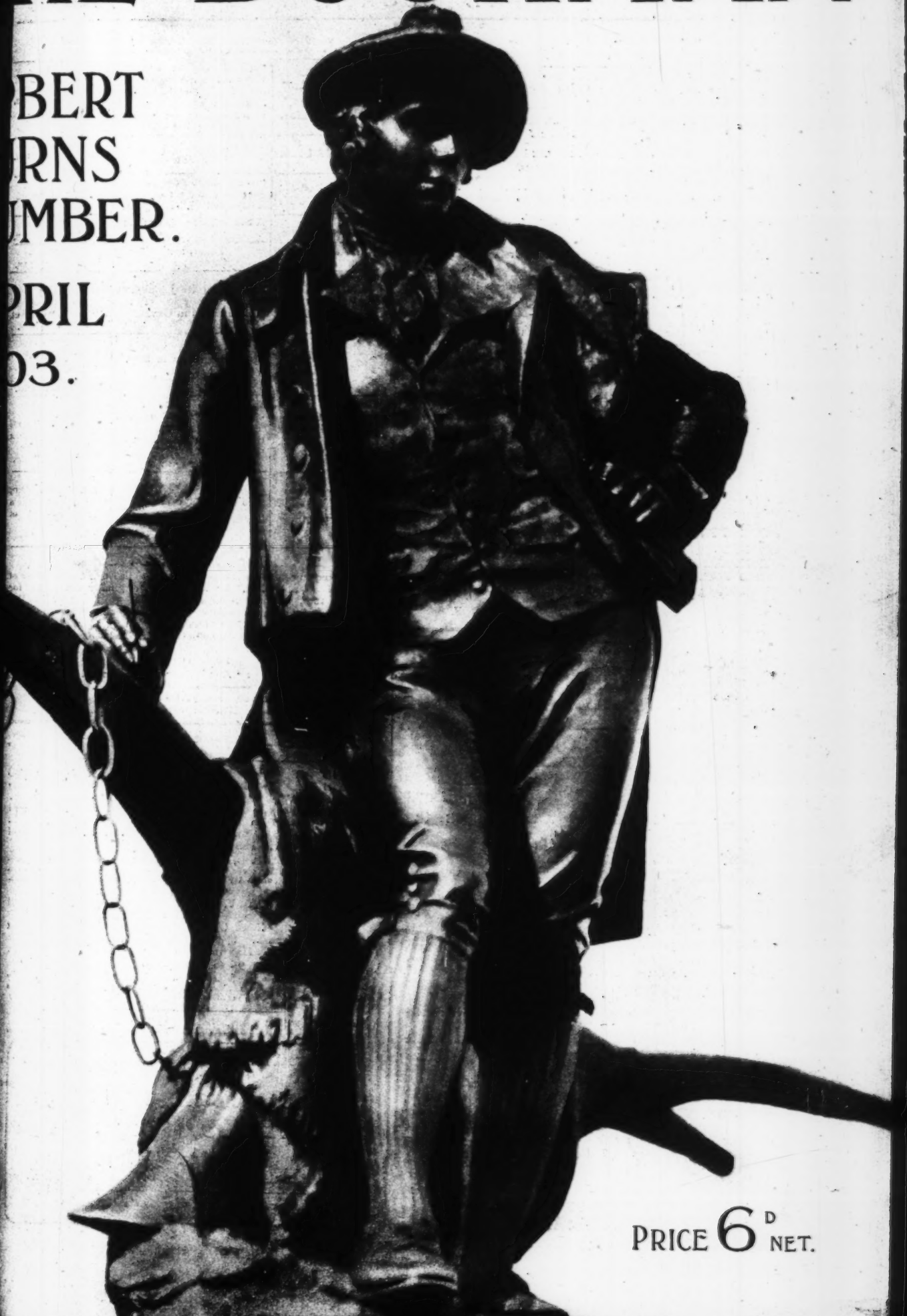
HE BOOKMAN

BERT
RNS
MBER.

PRIL
03.



PRICE 6D NET.

ONDON: [illegible] STOUGH[illegible] ERNOSTER ROW EC

DUCKWORTH & CO.'S New List.

THE JOY OF LIVING. (Es Lebe Das Leben.) By HERMANN SUDERMAN. Translated by EDITH WHARTON. Crown 8vo, 4s. 6d. net. [*Just out.*

1s. 6d. net per vol. in paper; 2s. net in cloth.

Duckworth's Greenback Library.

"Remarkable little series."—*Academy.*

ROSSLYN'S RAID. By BEATRICE HELEN BARMBY. [*Just out.*

SUCCESS. By R. B. CUNNINGHAME-GRAHAM.

"This author stands out from among his fellows, since Stevenson died, as the embodiment of one thing in literature . . . that rare thing, charm . . . Full of pleasing whimsicality, of literary distinction, of quaint, ironical philosophy."—*Athenæum*

BUSH STUDIES. By BARBARA BAYNTON.

"Worth a dozen books by more familiar and accepted writers on Australia."—*Daily Mail.*

"CROPPIES LIE DOWN." A Tale of Ireland in '98. By WILLIAM BUCKLEY. 6s.

"To speak frankly this is a book which can only be commended with a grave caution. It treats of a period in which the worst human passions raged unchecked, and it deals with them in a spirit of relentless candour. . . The story is instinct with a passionate love of Ireland."—*Spectator.*

"Mr. Buckley is both powerful and picturesque."—*Daily Chronicle.*

"Mr. Buckley, in fine, has great gifts."—*Spectator.*

"Vividly reproducing the scenes and stresses of that fateful time. The characters are natural, men and women—in their goodness and in their badness. None of the blatant, hysterical 'patriotism' that is so futile and so tiresome."—*Cork Examiner.*

"Everyone is reading"

REFLECTIONS OF AMBROSINE. By ELINOR GLYN. Coloured Frontispiece. 6s.

"She is at this moment our leading novelist of modern manners."—*Sphere.*

MICHAEL ANGELO BUONARROTI. By CHARLES HOLROYD, Curator of the National Gallery of British Art (Tate Gallery). With 52 Illustrations, pott 4to, 7s. 6d. net. First Volume in a New Series.

THE FRENCH IMPRESSIONISTS. By CAMILLE MAUCLAIR. 50 Illustrations, cloth, 2s. net; leather, 2s. 6d. net. [*Now Ready.*

"Art books to buy. Well-written, pocket-sized books, lavishly illustrated," says the *Outlook* of DUCKWORTH'S POPULAR LIBRARY OF ART.

Cloth, 2s. net; leather, 2s. 6d. net.

ROSSETTI. 50 Illustrations. By F. M. HUEFFER.

DÜRER. 37 Illustrations. By L. ECKENSTEIN.

REMBRANDT. 60 Illustrations. By AUGUSTE BREAL.

FRED WALKER. 33 Illustrations. By C. BLACK.

MILLET. 32 Illustrations. By ROMAIN ROLLAND.

3, HENRIETTA STREET, COVENT GARDEN.

THE NEW LIBERAL REVIEW.

ONE SHILLING MONTHLY.

Consists of 152 pages of Bright Literary Essays and Reliable Informative Articles upon the Topics of the Month.

In reference to the March No. the *People's Journal*, Dundee, enquires:

"Is the day of the half-crown review almost over? This question readily occurs to one as he takes up the NEW LIBERAL REVIEW, which for a shilling furnishes an ample, capable, and varied list of contents."

And the *Weekly Dispatch* declares that

"In wideness of view, variety of its matter, and in the high merit of its articles it would be hard to find a superior to the NEW LIBERAL REVIEW. For some time past each issue has been remarkable in these respects."

LIST OF CONTENTS of April No. will be advertised in the WESTMINSTER GAZETTE, DAILY MAIL, TIMES, SPECTATOR, *etc. Amongst them will be the Report of the Special Commissioner sent to Stratford-on-Avon to enquire into the fact that a Carnegie Free Library is to displace the Tudor cottages adjoining Shakespeare's birthplace.*

Editorial and Publishing Offices:
82 & 83, TEMPLE CHAMBERS, E.C.

J. W. ARROWSMITH, BRISTOL.

THE TRANSIT OF THE RED DRAGON, and other Tales.	"All the stories are brightly written, and the reader will not halt till he or she has unlocked the well-kept secret which each holds."—*Glasgow Herald.*	By EDEN PHILLPOTTS. Price 3s 6d.
LIMELIGHT LAYS.	Illustrated by ROSSI ASHTON.	By ALBERT CHEVALIER. Price 1s
THE PHANTOM MILLIONS.	"None of the novels of the year have been so breathlessly exciting."—*The Queen.*	By T. P. O'CONNOR. Price 1s.
THE GREAT SHADOW.	A Sixpenny Edition of this famous story.	By A. CONAN DOYLE.
THE HOUSEHOLD OF HERTZ.	Paper, 2s. Cloth, 2s. 6d.	By J. W. NICHOLAS.
RANJITSINHJI, PRINCE OF CRICKET.	A book on Ranjitsinhji, at the popular price of 1s, will be issued in May.	By PERCY CROSS STANDING, Author of "Cricket of To-day," etc.
THE GAME OF CRICKET.	Will be ready in May. Price 1s.	By GILBERT L. JESSOP, with Chapters by A. O. JONES and C. L. TOWNSEND.
ANNALS OF LORD'S, and HISTORY OF THE M.C.C.	"A concise record of the Club's progress, gleaned from authentic sources from the date of its formation to the present time." [*In the Press.*	By ALFRED D. TAYLOR, Author of "Sussex Cricket in the Olden Time," etc.
VICTORIA, QUEEN AND RULER.	To be published shortly. Price 6s.	By EMILY CRAWFORD, the famous Paris Correspondent of *Truth* and *The Daily News.*

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

In consequence of simultaneous publication in America, the issue of "RED-HEADED GILL," by RYE OWEN, originally advertised for February 16th, was postponed to March 5th. So few new English authors are now accepted by American publishers that the compliment paid to RYE OWEN by one of the leading New York firms is an indication of the interest "RED-HEADED GILL" is likely to excite amongst novel readers who desire not only a strong plot but also good literary work.

British Weekly says: "A strange, weird tale, excellently told."

BRISTOL: J. W. ARROWSMITH.
LONDON: SIMPKIN, MARSHALL & CO., LTD.

THE BEST EDITIONS OF BURNS' WORKS.

BURNS' (Robert) COMPLETE WORKS, POEMS and PROSE. Best Library Edition. Edited, with Explanatory Notes, Various Readings, Glossary, and Indices, by W. SCOTT DOUGLAS. Illustrated with Portrait, Vignettes, and Frontispieces from Drawings by SAM BOUGH, R.S.A., W. E. LOCKHART, R.S.A., CLARK STANTON, A.R.S.A., etc. 6 vols., royal 8vo, £2 5s. net. Published £4 10s.

"Of this edition as a whole, it may be said that it is certainly the most complete, as it is textually the most accurate, hitherto published. It is most sumptuously printed, elegantly bound, and admirably illustrated."—*Scotsman.*

BURNS' POETICAL WORKS. New "Edinburgh" Illustrated Edition. Edited by W. SCOTT DOUGLAS. Chronologically arranged, with Notes, Glossary, and Index, and Life of the Poet by Prof. NICHOL. Illustrated with 12 Photogravures after Drawings by W. MARSHALL BROWN. 4 handsome vols, crown 8vo, cloth, gilt tops, 9s. Published 12s.

"As attractive from a purely artistic point of view as it is unquestionably the handiest and most pleasant to read or consult of the innumerable editions of the Poet's works."—*Glasgow Mail.*

Edinburgh: JAMES THIN. London: SIMPKIN, MARSHALL & Co.

A NEW VOLUME OF THE "RED LEATHER SERIES."
Fcap. 8vo, 2s. 6d. net.

The Greatest Thing in the World.

Collected Addresses.

By Professor HENRY DRUMMOND, F.R.S.E.

HODDER & STOUGHTON, 27, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

No. 139. Vol. XXIV. APRIL, 1903. Price Sixpence.

CONTENTS.

NEWS NOTES 1
WHOLESALE REPORTS OF THE BOOKSELLING TRADE 5
THE BOOKSELLERS' DIARY 7
THE READER—
Robert Burns. By Sir George Douglas, Bart. 9
Robert Burns: Some of his Homes and Haunts. By W. S. Crockett 12
Specimens of Printing, Illumination, etc., in the Arts and Crafts Exhibition. By Ernest Radford 17
NEW BOOKS—
Mrs. Humphry Ward's "Julie." By Dr. William Barry 19
M. Zola's Last Novel. By A. T. Quiller-Couch 20
The Gowrie Conspiracy. By D. Hay Fleming, LL.D. 22
Georgian London. By Thomas Seccombe 23
Shakespeare's Church. By E. R. 24
Augustus. By T. E. Page 25
Rider Haggard's New Romance. By A. St. John Adcock 25
"Saved from the Waters." By Sir George Douglas, Bart. ... 26
Sir Leslie Stephen's Studies as a Biographer. By Dr. Richard Garnett, C.B. 27
The Republic of Plato. By W. H. D. Rouse 27
Charlotte Yonge's Life-Story ... 29
Tudor and Stuart Tracts. By D. Hay Fleming, LL.D. 29
NOVEL NOTES—
The Better Sort — Godfrey Marten, Schoolboy — Cornet Strong of Ireton's Horse—"Croppies Lie Down"—The Templars—Wolfville Days—The Golden Kingdom—The Shutters of Silence—Etc., etc. 30-32
THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE—
Segesta, Selinunte, and the West of Sicily—The Beauty of Holiness—The Fatherhood of God—In the Andamans and Nicobars—Field-Marshal Sir Donald Stewart 32-34
THE NEW BOOKS OF THE MONTH 34
TITLE AND INDEX to Vol. XXIII.

NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor *of* The Bookman, 27, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.

News Notes.

The Paisley statue of Robert Burns, by F. W. Pomeroy, is reproduced on the cover of this issue from a photograph by Mr. William Brown, Paisley.

In offering to our readers an unique collection of pictures illustrative of the life and work of Robert Burns, we have to acknowledge our indebtedness to Messrs. T. C. and E. C. Jack for allowing us to reproduce from their beautiful Centenary Edition of "The Poetry of Burns" numerous portraits of Burns and several etchings by William Hole, R.S.A.; to Messrs. W. and R. Chambers, Ltd., for drawings by C. Martin Hardie, R.S.A., and W. D. M'Kay, R.S.A.; to Messrs. T. R. Annan and Sons for the loan of their Illustrated Catalogue of the Burns Exhibition, held in Glasgow during 1896, from which we have reproduced several pictures; to Mr. James Thin, who kindly placed at our disposal a number of drawings by Sam Bough, R.S.A., W. E. Lockhart, R.S.A., and Marshall Brown; to Messrs. Blackie and Son., Ltd., for some plates from their edition of "The Works of Robert Burns"; to Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons for photographs by Henry C. Shelley from "The Ayrshire Homes and Haunts of Burns"; to Messrs. Aitken, Dott and Son for the reproduction of "The Meeting of Burns and Scott"; to Messrs. George Newnes, Ltd., for permission to make use of a drawing of Burns by E. J. Sullivan; to Sir Theodore Martin, K.C.B., for the crayon drawing by Archibald Skirving; to Miss Cathcart, of Auchendrane, G. Burns Begg, Esq., of Motherwell, and P. W. Swinton, Esq., of Gifford, for courteously allowing us to include portraits in their possession; and to numerous others who have taken exceedingly kind interest in our special Robert Burns issue, and have offered various illustrations, of which, owing to great pressure on our space, we were, in some instances, unfortunately unable to avail ourselves.

ROBERT BURNS, 1796.

From a Miniature by Alexander Reid in the Scottish National Portrait Gallery.

"Apropos to pictures, I am just sitting to Reid in this town for a miniature, and I think he has hit by far the best likeness of me ever taken."—Letter from Robert Burns to Mrs. Walter Riddell, Jan. 29th, 1796.

(Reproduced from the Centenary Edition of "The Poetry of Burns," by kind permission of Messrs. T. C. and E. C. Jack.)

It is said that Sir Arthur Conan Doyle has been persuaded to write some more Adventures of the famous Sherlock Holmes, and that Mr. A. P. Watt has recently completed arrangements with Messrs. Geo. Newnes, Ltd., for their publication both serially and in book-form. We assume they will appear, as before, in the *Strand Magazine*.

The first volume of Mr. John Morley's "Life of Gladstone" is in the press, and the date fixed for the pub-

lication is finally settled to be Oct. 2nd. The title of the work will be simply "Life of Gladstone." It will be in three volumes, and published at two guineas net.

The death of Mr. Shorthouse recalls the early fortunes of his famous book. In the memoir of George Smith, published as a preface to the Supplement of the Dictionary of National Biography, Mr. Sidney Lee gives an authoritative account of James Payn's rejection of the story. His words are:—"In 1880, Mr. Shorthouse's 'John Inglesant' was offered to Smith, Elder and Co., and, by Payn's advice, was rejected. It was accepted by another firm, and obtained great success. A few years afterwards a gossiping paragraph appeared in a newspaper reflecting on the sagacity of Smith, Elder and Co. in refusing the book. The true facts of the situation had entirely passed out of Payn's mind, and he regarded the newspaper's statement as a malicious invention. He mentioned his intention of publicly denying it. Smith gently advised him against such a course. Payn insisted that the remark was damaging both to him and the firm, and should not be suffered to pass uncorrected. Thereupon Smith quietly pointed out to Payn the true position of affairs, and called attention to the letter drafted by Payn himself in which the firm had refused to undertake 'John Inglesant.' Payn in reply expressed his admiration of Smith's magnanimity in forbearing, at the time that the work he had rejected was achieving a triumphant circulation at the hands of another firm, to complain by a single word of his want of foresight. Smith merely remarked that he was sorry to distress Payn by any reference to the matter, and should never have mentioned it had not Payn taken him unawares." It has not been mentioned, so far as we are aware, that the book had a lengthy review in the *Athenæum* while it was still in the obscurity of its first Birmingham issue. The article appeared on October 30th, 1880. The reviewer said: "'John Inglesant' affords a capital instance of the way in which inexperienced authors miss success by trying too much at one time. Mr. Courthouse (*sic*) is a man of wide reading and many accomplishments; he has travelled much and seen many things; he has kept his eyes open, and has wide sympathies; he has a genuine love for nature and for art, and that gift than which, Horace says, the gods could bestow no greater—*Sapere et fari ut possit quae sentiat.* But few will read his book through; it will not enjoy anything approaching to the attention or circulation it deserves; it will fall flat even upon the more thoughtful and cultured of the reading public, for one reason which will be strong enough to damn it—it is much too long. Nevertheless 'John Inglesant' has high merits, and if it be the author's first publication we shall hear of him again." It will be seen from this that another good judge thought as unfavourably as James Payn of the chances of the book as a popular success.

Through the kindness of the Rev. G. S. Davies, of the Charterhouse, Godalming, we are able to print the following very interesting notes on Charles Lamb:—

My mother was born in 1800 and died at ninety-four, and must have been either the last, or last but one, of the friends of Charles Lamb. Lamb was a neighbour and a constant visitor at the house of her mother, Mrs. Hume, when she was a girl [see Dictionary of Nat. Biography under the name of my sister, Augusta Webster], and to the day of her death there was no name which ever seemed to bring such a light into her eyes. It was a house full of girls, in which he seems to have been a delightful elder brother, and Mary Lamb often a fairy godmother. Miss Lamb so often applied for a half-holiday for the girls on the ground that it was her birthday—"You know, Mrs. Hume, that to-day is my birthday"—that my grandmother had to say: "Oh, Mary, you seem to have a great many birthdays"; but I believe the appeal was irresistible.

I have heard my mother say that when poor Mary Lamb used to feel the fit coming on her she would say: "Charles, you must take me away." And they had seen the same sad sight which someone else records of Charles Lamb taking his sister to safe keeping. My mother always said that Lamb was terribly depressed at these times.

The male members of the family, and I believe my father also, used sometimes to go for walks with Charles Lamb. On these occasions a strict control was kept on Charles Lamb's thirst. When he thought the distance was unduly great he would turn and say: "Don't you think I have walked a pint?"

My mother always told me that no likeness of Charles Lamb which she had ever seen at all brought back the man to her. She said that this was a great deal due to the total failure to catch the expression of his face. She said that Lamb had a very sweet and quite unforgettable smile which it would have been quite impossible to catch. I remember that when she was very old she made a pilgrimage to the portrait gallery, and came back much disappointed. She would not allow that anything she had seen there or anywhere else gave her Charles Lamb as she knew him. She would have nothing to say to Hazlitt's picture of him.

She always told me that Lamb was as delightful and as full of irrepressible fun and humour, expressed in the same incomparable but quite natural style in his life as in his essays, but subject to deep fits of melancholy at intervals.

He was a man of very strong dislikes, and sincerely loathed anybody that he thought a mean-minded man, especially Goodwin the publisher.

She told me (but I daresay this is common property) that they found Lamb had made an entry in his diary: "Went to a funeral and made a joke." I believe it was Campbell's funeral.

The new and elaborate edition of Leigh Hunt's "Autobiography," which Mr. Roger Ingpen is preparing for Messrs. Constable, will contain several new and interesting portraits. Mr. Ingpen has for some time been engaged upon an exhaustive bibliography of Charles Lamb in connection with Methuen's forthcoming edition.

Messrs. Constable are also about to publish in book form the amusing series of papers, entitled "The Truth About an Author," which ran through the *Academy* during 1902. They were generally attributed to Mr. Bennett.

Mr. Sidney Lee's lecture tour has been a conspicuous success, alike at Boston, Princeton, and Columbia, his final lecture on Shakespeare, whom his auditors refer to as "the cap sheaf of literary energy," never failing to bring down the house. A Boston paper anticipates that "Dr. Lee will place in permanent form his impressions of American life," and that "his book will be most complimentary to this country." Some enter-

taining impressions of "Five Months in the States" have just been issued by the well-known Parisian journalist, Urbain Gohier.

Messrs. Macmillan and Co. will issue the first volume of a new series of books, the general title of which will be, "Little Novels by Great Authors." The four already arranged for are:—"Man Overboard," by F. Marion Crawford. This is a ghost story. "Philosophy." A college story, by Owen Wister, whose "Virginian" has been so successful in this country. "Mr. Keegan's Elopement," by Winston Churchill, and "Mr. Pendleton's Four-in-Hand," by Gertrude Atherton. Each volume will be illustrated, and will contain a photogravure portrait of the author. The little books will be handsomely bound, and will be published at two shillings net.

Messrs. Macmillan and Co. will publish Ouida's new novel in the autumn. The same firm are adding to their series of Pocket Illustrated Classics "Water Babies," "Hood's Poems," and "Maria Edgeworth's Works."

In connection with our "Burns" issue of THE BOOKMAN, it is interesting to note among the many editions of the poet's works, the volume in Messrs. Nelson and Sons' New Century Library, which for tastefulness, handiness, and cheapness it would be difficult to surpass. This volume, in size about six inches by four, and less than an inch in thickness, contains the whole of Burns's poetical works, with a glossary, and Lord Rosebery's appreciation of the poet, bound in limp leather, and printed in clear, bold type. As proof of the wide popularity of these thin paper editions, both Messrs. Nelson and Sons and Messrs. Newnes, Ltd., are issuing the novels of Charles Lever in this form; "Charles O'Malley" by the former, and "Harry Lorrequer" by the latter firm, having already appeared. Among the beautiful small books published by Messrs. Newnes, Ltd., we notice a volume of Edgar Allan Poe's "Tales of the Grotesque and Arabesque"; an example of this firm's care and enterprise.

THE MOTHER OF ROBERT BURNS.

The poet's mother, like his father, came of tenant farmer stock. She was the daughter of Gilbert Broun in Craigenton. She is described as having a fine complexion, with pale red hair, and beautiful dark eyes; of neat, small figure, extremely active and industrious. She was naturally cheerful, but owing to hardships and difficulties became somewhat embittered in later life. She resided with her son Gilbert Burns until her death in 1820, in her eighty-eighth year.

(Reproduced from the illustrated catalogue of the Burns Exhibition, Glasgow, 1896, by kind permission of Messrs. T. R. Annan and Sons.)

JEAN ARMOUR.

"I see her in the dewy flowers,
I see her sweet and fair;
I hear her in the tunefu' birds,
I hear her charm the air:
There's not a bonie flower that springs
By fountain, shaw, or green,—
There's not a bonie bird that sings,
But minds me o' my Jean."

—I Love my Jean.

Rischgitz Collection.

A cheap edition of De Wet's book, at 3s. 6d., is to be issued almost immediately.

The first volume of M. Gabriel Hanotaux' important work on "Contemporary France" is expected to appear on April 1st.

The revived interest in Mme. de Stael is seen once more in the admirable chapters, which Napoleon students will do well to peruse, upon "Mme. de Stael et Napoléon," by Paul Gautier, a collateral descendant of the great Théophile. Some valuable new material is embodied, and the reasons for Napoleon's hatred, and the heavy price he had to pay for it, have never hitherto been so clearly indicated.

The Royal Historical Society have in contemplation an elaborate "Bibliography of the Sources and Materials of English History," to continue the work of Mr. Charles Gross (which extends down to 1485) to the present day.

Messrs. Methuen have in hand a life of Burns for

BURNS'S COTTAGE, ALLOWAY.

"Robert Burns was born on the 25th of January, 1759, in a clay-built cottage, about two miles to the south of the town of Ayr, and in the immediate vicinity of the Kirk of Alloway, and the 'Auld Brig o' Doon.' About a week afterwards, part of the frail dwelling, which his father had constructed with his own hands, gave way at midnight, and the infant poet and his mother were carried through the storm to the shelter of a neighbouring hovel."—J. G. Lockhart's Life of Burns.

Photo by G. W. Wilson and Co., Aberdeen.

INTERIOR OF BURNS'S COTTAGE.

From a Painting by W. Bell Scott, H.R.S.A.

"The house consisted of a kitchen in one end and a room in the other, with a fireplace and chimney; my father had constructed a concealed bed in the kitchen, with a small closet at the end, of the same materials with the house; and when altogether cast over, outside and in, with lime, it had a neat, comfortable appearance, such as no family of the same rank, in the present improved style of living, would think themselves ill lodged in."
—Gilbert Burns.

(Reproduced from the illustrated catalogue of the Burns Exhibition, Glasgow, 1896, by kind permission of Messrs. T. R. Annan and Sons.)

their Little Biographies Series. It is by Mr. T. F. Henderson, Mr. Henley's collaborator, and will contain a dozen illustrations. It is expected to be ready about the end of April.

Messrs. Macmillan and Co. have arranged to add the following to their "English Men of Letters Series":—Andrew Marvell, by A. Birrell; Sydney Smith, by G. W. E. Russell; Jeremy Taylor, by Edmund Gosse; Maria Edgeworth, by Hon. Emily Lawless; Dante Gabriel Rossetti, by A. C. Benson.

Messrs. Chapman and Hall have in the press a new demy octavo sporting volume by Henry Sharp, entitled "Gun Afield and Afloat." The book will be published at 12s. 6d. net, and will contain about 360 pages, and upwards of forty illustrations by Mr. Herbert Sharp.

Mr. Chas. W. Wood has in the press a new volume of travel, entitled "Norwegian Byeways," which Messrs. Macmillan and Co. will publish after Easter.

"Friends of Yesterday" is the title of a book of sketches of East Anglian life by Miss A. M. Wilson. The simple annals of the village of "Sedgbrook" are here recorded with a sympathy and insight that recall Mrs. Gaskell. In a prefatory note the authoress states that "the village remains very much as it was when Horatio Nelson was robbing birds' nests at Burnham Thorpe." The volume, which is illustrated, will be published immediately by Mr. A. H. Bullen.

Mr. William Le Queux, who has just completed a new novel of cosmopolitan life, called "The Idol of the Town," for Messrs. Tillotson's syndicate, is returning to Florence for a couple of months in order to make researches in the archives there for the purpose of an Italian historical romance which he is contemplating. As is well known, he is an enthusiastic palæographist, and possesses a large collection of mediæval Italian manuscripts.

Mr. Irving Bacheller, the author of the phenomenally successful "Eben Holden," has just completed the MS. of a new novel, entitled "Darrell of the Blessed Isles." Mr. Bacheller is of course an American, and was, we believe, identified some years ago with the Bacheller Syndicate of New York, a firm which at one time paid a good deal of money to English authors for the American serial rights of their work.

We understand that Mr. Forbes Robertson has bought the American rights of "The Light that Failed," and that he will appear in it himself in his forthcoming tour in America. Here the play is drawing crowded houses, and seems likely to continue to do so for some time to come.

Mr. A. W. Marchmont's new novel, entitled "By Snare of Love," is to be published by Messrs. Ward, Lock and Co.

Mr. Jerome K. Jerome has arranged to write a number of short humorous stories for serial publication in one of the most popular of the monthly magazines.

Agnes and Egerton Castle have written a series of short stories under the general title of "The Incomparable Bellairs." As the title implies, the stories deal with the period and some of the characters in "The Bath Comedy."

Messrs. A. and C. Black have just issued under the title of "Contrast, or A Prophet and a Forger," a small pamphlet, which gives (1) The Table of Contents, and (2) certain selected passages of what promises to be one of the most important theological works of recent years. The writer is that distinguished scholar Dr. E. A. Abbott, and (1) he desires to show that the Fourth Gospel, though not written by St. John, is yet, in "contrast" with the Second Epistle of St. Peter, no dishonest forgery, but "written by one who considered himself but the pen of John," and who sets before us "with the truth of honour" the real teaching of St. John, being also "historically, as well as spiritually, closer than the Synoptic Evangelists to the truthful

THE BIRTHPLACE OF ROBERT BURNS.
From a Painting by Sam Bough, R.S.A.
"With secret throes, I marked that earth,
That *cottage* witness of my birth."
"Our monarch's hindmost year but ane
Was five-and-twenty days begun,
'Twas then a blast o' Janwar win'
Blew hansel in on Robin."
(Reproduced by kind permission of Mr. James Thin.)

THE BRIGS OF AYR.
From a Painting by W. E. Lockhart, R.S.A.
"'Auld brig' appear'd o' ancient Pictish race,
The vera wrinkles Gothic in his face;
. . . . . .
'New brig' was buskit in a braw new coat,
That he, at Lon'on, frae ane Adams got."
(Reproduced by kind permission of Mr. James Thin.)

conception of the birth, nature, life, and resurrection of our Lord"; while (2), in developing this thesis, he is led to examine critically the *variations* in the Gospel narratives with reference especially to the Baptism, the Transfiguration, and "the Voice from Heaven (*Bath-Kol*)." In regard to these last points, he concludes that "there was no objective Voice from Heaven at any time in Christ's life," and that "the real Transfiguration was a spiritual act of self-renunciation or sacrifice, in which the glory was of the nature of grace, truth, and love, not like 'snow,' 'light,' or 'whiteness,'" the spiritual interpretation which the Fourth Gospel places on these and other recorded events in the life of Christ being the only true one. From the Table of Contents it is clear that the book itself, which is entitled "From Letter to Spirit," and is already in the press, will be at once a work of great learning and high interest.

Wholesale Reports of the Bookselling Trade.

(1) ENGLAND.

FEBRUARY 20TH TO MARCH 20TH, 1903.

During the past weeks rumours of slackness have proceeded from a few quarters, but generally speaking it may safely be stated that considering the time of year a very fair amount of trade has been transacted, and that the results have been of a satisfactory nature. Certainly few spring seasons have witnessed so much activity in literary and publishing circles, and works by a considerable number of the most noted authors have been placed upon the market, in many cases with a considerable amount of success.

Fiction has pre-eminently been prolific, and popular authors have been widely represented. In the 6s. novel the sales have attained a very high average, and it is somewhat difficult to enumerate; among the most notable, however, may be mentioned "Lady Rose's Daughter," "The Banner of Blue," "Pearl Maiden," "The Grey Wig," and "Souls," whilst former issues, such as "The Circle," "The Pit," and "Four Feathers," have sold very freely; indeed there appears to be no diminution in the popularity of the latter work, it having been in constant request.

The latest volume of Mr. Dooley's Observations has continued to be a most attractive item. Another very successful item has been "Danny: The Story of a Dandie Dinmont."

A psychological work from the pen of Mr. F. H. Myers, entitled "Human Personality, and its Survival of Bodily Death," has attracted a considerable amount of attention, and has found a wide circle of readers.

In biography the two most notable productions have been "The Autobiography of Sir A. H. Layard" and "More Letters of Charles Darwin."

At the risk of repetition it is necessary to again notice the exceedingly small output of religious publications pertinent to Lent, and also the corresponding paucity in the demand. This is the more noticeable when it is remembered that only a few years ago the sale of fiction was much affected by this period, whilst not only has it ceased to be so, but works of a decidedly humorous nature have been selling in large quantities. Foremost in this direction has been "Wisdom While You Wait," a remarkably happy hit, of which over 20,000 have been disposed of in a few weeks. "Froissart's Modern Chronicles" has also continued to circulate freely, and a volume of "Letters from a Self-made Merchant to his Son," containing much shrewd advice in humorous guise—somewhat on Mr. Dooley lines—has gone briskly.

Immediately on the death of Mr. Shorthouse an increased demand was experienced for his novel "John Inglesant." Other works of this author have also sold more freely, but none have become so thoroughly popular.

A third volume in the already well-known "Pot Pourri" series has met with a good reception.

De Wet's "Three Years War" has not yet exhausted its popularity, and continues to be much sought after.

The circulation of the "Wee Macgreegor" since his appearance on English soil has increased by leaps and bounds, and although it cannot yet claim, in the lan-

guage of the press, to be "the largest in the world," it bids fair to become still more extensive.

The dramatisation of Leo Tolstoy's "Resurrection" has caused a continuous and well sustained demand for the novel, and both in the two shilling and also in the sixpenny form it has been one of the leading items of the month.

The increase in the demand for Edna Lyall's works noted in our last report still continues, and the orders for the most popular of her books have been numerous.

The following is a list of the books which have been most in demand during the past month :—

Six Shilling Novels.

Four Feathers. By A. E. W. Mason. (Smith, Elder.)
Lady Rose's Daughter. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. (Smith, Elder.)
The Circle. By K. C. Thurston. (W. Blackwood.)
The Grey Wig. By I. Zangwill. (Heinemann.)
The Banner of Blue. By S. R. Crockett. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
Pearl Maiden. By H. Rider Haggard. (Longmans.)
Souls. By "Rita." (Hutchinson.)
The Pit. By Frank Norris. (Richards.)
Reflections of Ambrosine. By Elinor Glyn. (Duckworth.)

John Inglesant. 3s. 6d. By J. H. Shorthouse. (Macmillan.)
Letters of a Self-made Merchant to his Son. 6s. (Heinemann.)
Froissart's Modern Chronicles. By F. C. Gould. 3s. 6d. (Unwin.)

ROBERT BURNS.
From a Drawing by E. J. Sullivan.
"I see amid the fields of Ayr
A ploughman, who, in foul or fair,
Sings at his task
So clear, we know not if it is
The laverock's song we hear, or his,
Nor care to ask."
—Longfellow.
(Reproduced from "Burns's Poems," by kind permission of Messrs. Geo. Newnes, Ltd.)

Mr. Dooley's Observations. 3s. 6d. (Heinemann.)
Autobiography of Sir A. H. Layard. 2 vols. 25s. net. (J. Murray.)
More Letters of Charles Darwin. 2 vols. 32s. net. (J. Murray.)
Resurrection. By Leo Tolstoy. 6d. and 2s. (Richards.)
A Third Pot-Pourri. By Mrs. C. W. Earle. 7s. 6d. (Smith, Elder.)
Human Personality. By F. H. Myers. 2 vols. 42s. net. (Longmans.)
Wisdom While You Wait. 1s. net. (Isbister.)
Wee Macgreegor. By J. J. B. 1s. net. (Simpkin.)
Edna Lyall's Works. 3s. 6d. each. (Hurst and Blackett.)

Weekly Summary of the Wholesale Book Trade.

Week ending.
Feb. 21—Sales steady in all departments.
" 28—Somewhat quieter in the Home Trade.
Mar. 7—Fairly brisk. Slack in Export.
" 14—Average business well maintained.

---

(2) SCOTLAND.

February 20th to March 18th, 1903.

On every hand business was very quiet, chiefly owing to the boisterous character of the weather affecting seriously the retail trade. Some stir was felt in those shops dealing principally in religious books. The meetings held throughout the country by Dr. Torrey created exceptional interest, and the magazines specially reporting his visits were much in request.

The phenomenal success of "Wee Macgreegor" showed almost no sign of exhaustion; the demands were even more general, and the book continued to move off in thousands. Doubtless the attractive design on the cover contributed much to its success.

Several six shilling novels were readily taken by the libraries, and of these mention may be made of "The Pit," by the late Frank Norris; "The Castle in Spain," by Bernard Capes; "Souls," by "Rita"; "A Red Red Rose," by K. Tynan; "The Intriguers," by Thomas Cobb; "Lady Rose's Daughter," by Mrs. Ward; "The Papers of Henry Ryecroft," by George Gissing; "Overdue," by Clark Russell; and "The Banner of Blue," by S. R. Crockett, in which that popular novelist returns to the Galloway district, and also treats of Disruption times.

One of the successes of the month was F. C. Gould's "Froissart's Modern Chronicles, 1902," on account of its quaint drawings and caricatures of popular personages.

"The Letters from a Self-made Merchant to his Son" early gained attention. The book, with its shrewdness and dry humour, proved a great favourite, and was readily sold.

As a daintily got-up booklet a sixpenny edition of "The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam," issued by Messrs. Grant of Edinburgh, had a brisk sale, and promised well for the forthcoming volumes in the "Roses of Parnassus Series," of which it was the first.

Very good business was done with Pitman's "Business Man's Guide," and "Pears' Cyclopædia" had a larger sale than ever.

A sixpenny edition of R. L. Stevenson's "Picturesque Edinburgh" was readily taken up, and other volumes

ROBERT BURNS.

From the full-length Painting by Alexander Nasmyth now in the National Gallery of Scotland.

"A sketch of the poet at full length, as he appeared in Edinburgh in the first hey-day of his reputation; dressed in tight jockey boots, and very tight buckskin breeches, according to the fashion of the day, and (Jacobite as he was) in what was considered as the Fox livery, viz., a blue coat and buff waistcoat, with broad blue stripes."—J. G. Lockhart.

(Reproduced from the Centenary Edition of "The Poetry of Burns," by kind permission of Messrs. T. C. and E. C. Jack.)

ROBERT BURNS.

From a Portrait by an unknown artist, now in the possession of P. W. Swinton, Esq., Gifford, who has kindly allowed us to insert it in our issue.

"In physique Burns was agile, strong, full-shouldered but symmetrical, and was naturally elegant; his dress was 'often slovenly,' and might have been that either of a farmer or of a sea captain; his face was well formed, his forehead high, his eye large, dark, 'full of mind,' and glowing; his countenance was expressive of capacity, intelligence, ardour, a thoughtful gravity approaching sternness and sometimes melancholy, and, in moments of relaxation, of tenderness and pity; his bearing was dignified, haughty, and at times even supercilious."—Edward Pinnington in the *Art Journal*.

(Reproduced from the Centenary Edition of "The Poetry of Burns," by kind permission of Messrs. T. C. and E. C. Jack.)

at this popular price for railway reading for which orders were easily booked were, "The Stickit Minister," "David Harum," "John Splendid," "On the Heels of De Wet," "Red Republic," "Angel of the Revolution," "Cupid's Garden," and "Resurrection," by Tolstoy.

Encouraged by the popularity of "The Life of James Chalmers," the Religious Tract Society issued a cheap edition which was much appreciated, and a biographical memoir of the gifted author of "The House with the Green Shutters" had favourable attention given to it.

With the approach of Easter preparations were made for stocking cycle maps, road books, and guide books. Orders were already put in hand for the tourist trade, which of course in Scotland affects all the historical and picturesque districts.

The following is our usual list of best selling books :—

Six Shilling Novels.

The Pit. By Frank Norris. (Richards.)
Four Feathers. By A. E. W. Mason. (Smith, Elder.)
Castle in Spain. By Bernard J. Capes. (Smith, Elder.)
Lady Rose's Daughter. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. (Smith, Elder.)
Souls. By "Rita." (Hutchinson.)
A Red Red Rose. By Katharine Tynan. (Nash.)
The Intriguers. By Thomas Cobb. (Nash.)
Banner of Blue. By S. R. Crockett. (Hodder.)
The Circle. By K. C. Thurston. (Blackwood.)

Miscellaneous.

Truth. By Emile Zola. 3s. 6d. (Chatto.)
Observations of Mr. Dooley. 3s. 6d. (Heinemann.)
Letters from a Self-made Merchant. 6s. (Methuen.)
Froissart in 1902. By F. C. Gould. 3s. 6d. (Unwin.)
Chalmers' Life. 3s. 6d. (Religious Tract Society.)
Wisdom While You Wait. 1s. net. (Isbister.)
Wee Macgreegor. 1s. net. (Scots Pictorial Office.)
Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam. 6d. net. (Grant.)
Pitman's Business Man's Guide. 3s. 6d. net.
Edna Lyall's Novels. 3s. 6d. (Hurst and Blackett.)

The Booksellers' Diary.

APRIL.

PUBLICATION DATES OF SOME NOTABLE BOOKS.

April 6th.

DAVIES, PROF. T. WITTON.—Heinrich Ewald, 3s. 6d. net (Fisher Unwin)
CLEEVE, LUCAS.—Anglo-Americans, 6s. ..... (Fisher Unwin)
ADAMS, W. A.—The Lonely Way, 3s. 6d. ..... (Fisher Unwin)
RUTLEDGE, DR.—Christ, Anti-Christ, and the Millenium, 7s. 6d. net ..... (Marshall Brothers)
DELITZSCH, PROF. F.—Babel and Bibel, 5s. (Williams and Norgate)
DRUMMOND, HAMILTON.—"On Behalf of the Firm," 6s. (Ward, Lock)
DELLANOY, BURFORD.—"M.R.C.S.," 3s. 6d. ... (Ward, Lock)
HARTLEY, GILFRID.—Wild Sport with Gun, Rifle, and Salmon Rod ..... (Blackwood)
GALE, NORMAN.—Barty's Star. (Unillus. Edition.) 2s. 6d. (Walter Scott)
SIMPSON, MR. AND MRS. GRAHAM.—Poems ... (Walter Scott)

April 8th.

CROSBY, ERNEST.—Swords and Ploughshares, 6s. net (Grant Richards)
VON SCHIERBRAND, WOLF.—Germany: The Welding of a Power, 10s. 6d. net ..... (Grant Richards)
Paris. Grant Allen's Hist. Guides. (New Edition.) 3s. 6d. net (Grant Richards)
NEWNHAM-DAVIS, LT.-COL.—The Gourmets Guide to Europe, 3s. 6d. ..... (Grant Richards)
LEIGHTON, MARIE CONNOR.—In God's Good Time, 6s. (Grant Richards)

MOELLER, LIEUT. B.—Two Years at the Front with the Mounted Infantry, 6s. ..... (Grant Richards)
GIBBON, EDWARD.—Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire. 1s. and 2s. (World's Classic.) ..... (Grant Richards)

April 9th.

DEVEREUX, G. R. M. (Compiler).—The Lover's Dictionary, 2s. 6d. ..... (Pearson)
CRAIK, MRS.—John Halifax, Illus. Scarlet Lib., Illus. 2s. (Pearson)
PEMBERTON, MAX.—The Gold Wolf, 6s. ..... (Ward, Lock)
MEADE, L. T.—A Ring of Rubies, 1s. 6d. ..... (Ward, Lock)

April 13th.

PIKE, G. HOLDEN.—Wesley and his Preachers, 7s. 6d. (Fisher Unwin)
MOORE, GEORGE.—The Untilled Field, 6s. ..... (Fisher Unwin)
WARWICK, COUNTESS OF.—Warwick Castle and its Earls. 2 Vols. 36s. net ..... (Hutchinson)

April 15th.

CUTCLIFFE HYNE, C. J.—Captain Kettle, K.C.B., 6s. (Pearson)
LEVERTON, MRS. WALDEMAR.—Small Homes and How to Furnish Them, 1s. ..... (Pearson)
WERNLE, PROF. PAUL.—The Beginnings of Christianity. Vol. I. ..... (Williams and Norgate)
ALDERSON, BERNARD.—The Life of Arthur James Balfour, 10s. 6d. ..... (Grant Richards)
ALMA-TADEMA, LAURENCE.—Songs of Womanhood, 2s. net and 3s. net ..... (Grant Richards)
SEAWELL, MOLLY ELLIOT.—Franceczka, 6s. (Grant Richards)
CROSLAND, T. W. H.—The Unspeakable Scot. (New Edition.) 1s. ..... (Grant Richards)
LACEY, REV. T. A.—A Handbook of Church Law, 3s. 6d. net (Grant Richards)
DOWIE, MENIE MURIEL.—Things about our Neighbourhood, 6s. ..... (Grant Richards)
BLACKBURN, DOUGLAS.—A Burgher Quixote. A Novel. 6s. (Blackwood)
VANE, FISHER.—Back to the Mines, 6s. net ..... (Hutchinson)
CAREY, ROSA N.—My Lady Frivol, 6d. ..... (Hutchinson)
LENEY, LYDIA, M.D.—Mothers' Guide to Management of Children in Health and Disease, 3s. 6d. ..... (Pearson)

April 17th.

MAX ADELER.—In Happy Hollow, 6s. ..... (Ward, Lock)
HILL, HEADON.—The Duke Decides, 6s. ..... (Cassell)
Cassell's Guide to London, 6d. and 1s. ..... (Cassell)
Building World. (Half-yearly Vol.) 4s. 6d. ..... (Cassell)
Gardener. (Yearly Vol.) 7s. 6d. ..... (Cassell)
Cassell's Magazine. (Half-yearly Vol.) 5s. ..... (Cassell)
AFLALO, F. G., F.R.G.S. (Editor).—The Sports of the World, 12s. ..... (Cassell)
KIRBY, W. F., F.L.S., F.E.S.—The Butterflies and Moths of Europe, 21s. ..... (Cassell)
The Penny Magazine. (Vol. 17.) 2s. 6d. ..... (Cassell)
TRAILL, H. D., D.C.L., and J. S MANN, M.A. (Editors).—Social England. Vol. 4. 14s. net ..... (Cassell)

April 20th.

TRUSCOTT, L. PARRY.—As a Tree Falls. (Pseudonym Lib.) 1s. 6d. and 2s. ..... (Fisher Unwin)
EVANS, S. HOPE.—Sea Children, 2s. 6d. ..... (Fisher Unwin)
ABRUZZI, DUKE OF THE.—On the "Polar Star" in the Arctic Sea. 2 Vols. 42s. net ..... (Hutchinson)
BOURRIENNE, M. DE.—Memoirs of Napoleon Bonaparte, 1s. net (Hutchinson)
ASHETON, RALPH.—Virginia of the Rodesians, 6s. (Hutchinson)
WARD, H. W., F.R.H.S.—The Book of the Peach, 2s. 6d. (Walter Scott)
ABDY-WILLIAMS, C. F., M.A.—Story of Notation, 3s. 6d. net (Walter Scott)

April 22nd.

DEVEREUX, ROY.—Reprobate Silver, 6s. ..... (Grant Richards)
GODFREY, ELIZABETH.—Home Life under the Stuarts. 1603-1649. 12s. 6d. net ..... (Grant Richards)
BOYNTON, H. W.—The Golfer's Rubaiyat, 3s. 6d. net (Grant Richards)
HOWARD, KEBLE.—Love and a Cottage, 3s. 6d. (Grant Richards)
CROSLAND, T. W. H.—The Old Man's Bag. (Dumpy Book.) 1s. 6d. ..... (Grant Richards)
NISBET, J. E.—The Human Machine. (New Edition.) 3s. 6d. (Grant Richards)
HUME, DAVID.—Essays. (World's Classic). 1s. and 2s. (Grant Richards)
FOWLER, E. THORNEYCROFT.—The Farringdons, 6d. (Hutchinson)

April 23rd.

MURRAY, D. CHRISTIE.—Joseph's Coat. Cheap Edition. 6d. (Chatto)
HARTE, BRET.—Condensed Novels. Both Series. 1 Vol. 2s. net and 3s. net ..... (Chatto)
Encyclopædia Biblica. Vol. IV. 20s. net ..... (A. and C. Black)
HYETT, F. A.—A History of Florence, 7s. 6d. ..... (Methuen)
CLEATHER, MRS. A. LEIGHTON, and BASIL CRUMP.—The Ring of the Nibelung, 2s. 6d. ..... (Methuen)
SAMPSON, JOHN (Editor).—Borrow's Romany Rye. (Lit. Lib.) (Methuen)
HOLDSWORH, W. S.—English Law ..... (Methuen)

April 24th.

WARDEN, FLORENCE.—The Fog Princes, 6d. ... (Ward, Lock)
HANSHEW, T. W.—The Mallison Mystery, 3s. 6d. (Ward, Lock)
LINDSAY, MAYNE.—The Whirligig, 6d. ..... (Ward, Lock)
WODEHOUSE, P. G.—A Prefect's Uncle, 3s. 6d. (A. and C. Black)
BESANT, SIR WALTER, and G. E. MITTON.—Holborn and Bloomsbury. Fascination of London Series. 1s. 6d. net (A. and C. Black)
QUILLER-COUCH, A. T.—The Adventures of Harry Revel, 6s. (Cassell)

April 27th.

MARLOWE, CHRISTOPHER.—Best Plays. New re-issue of the Mermaid Series. 2s. 6d. net. ..... (Fisher Unwin)
STREET, EUGENE E.—A Philosopher in Portugal, 5s. net (Fisher Unwin)
HILLS, GEN. SIR JOHN, K.C.B.—Points of a Race Horse, 21s. net ..... (Blackwood)
KEIGHTLEY, DR. S. R.—The Pikemen, 6s. ..... (Hutchinson)

April 28th.

PEMBERTON, MAX.—Queen of the Jesters, 6d. ..... (Pearson)
BIDDLE, VIOLET.—Roses and How to Grow Them, 1s. (Pearson)
HOLBEIN, MONTAGU A.—Swimming, 1s. ..... (Pearson)
ANDREWS, HARRY.—Training for Athletics and General Health, 1s. ..... (Pearson)
BLACK, C. E.—Life of the Marquess of Dufferin and Ava, 16s. net (Hutchinson)

April 29th.

COATES, T. F. G., and R. S. WARREN BELL.—Marie Corelli: The Writer and the Woman, 6s. ..... (Hutchinson)

April 30th.

ADAMS, W. E.—Memoirs of a Social Atom. 2 Vols. 24s. net (Hutchinson)

May 1st.

JESSOP, G. L. (Editor).—Cricket. With contributions by C. B. Fry, K. S. Ranjitsinhji, etc. 1s. ..... (Pearson)
MEADE, MRS. L. T.—The Sorceress of the Strand, 5s. (Ward, Lock)
BODKIN, McDONNELL.—A Modern Robyn Hood, 3s. 6d. (Ward, Lock)
LE QUEUX, W.—A Secret Service, 6d. ..... (Ward, Lock)
JOHNSTON, SIR HARRY, G.C.M.G.—British Mammals, 12s. 6d. net ..... (Hutchinson)
HAGGARD, LT.-COL. A. C. P.—Sporting Yarns Spun off the Reel, 6s. ..... (Hutchinson)
MANSON, PATRICK, C.M.G., M.D.—Tropical Diseases. (New Edition.) 10s. 6d. net ..... (Cassell)
Cassell's Book of Sports and Pastimes. (New Edition.) 3s. 6d. (Cassell)
YEOMAN, W. J.—A Woman's Courier, 6d. ..... (Cassell)
HEWITT, REV. C. E. B., Revised by.—Marlborough Arithmetic. Masters' Copies. 4s. 6d. ..... (Cassell)
HASLUCK, PAUL N. (Editor).—Cassell's Cyclopædia of Mechanics, 7s. 6d. ..... (Cassell)
HASLUCK, PAUL N. (Editor).—Photography, 1s. ..... (Cassell)

May 2nd.

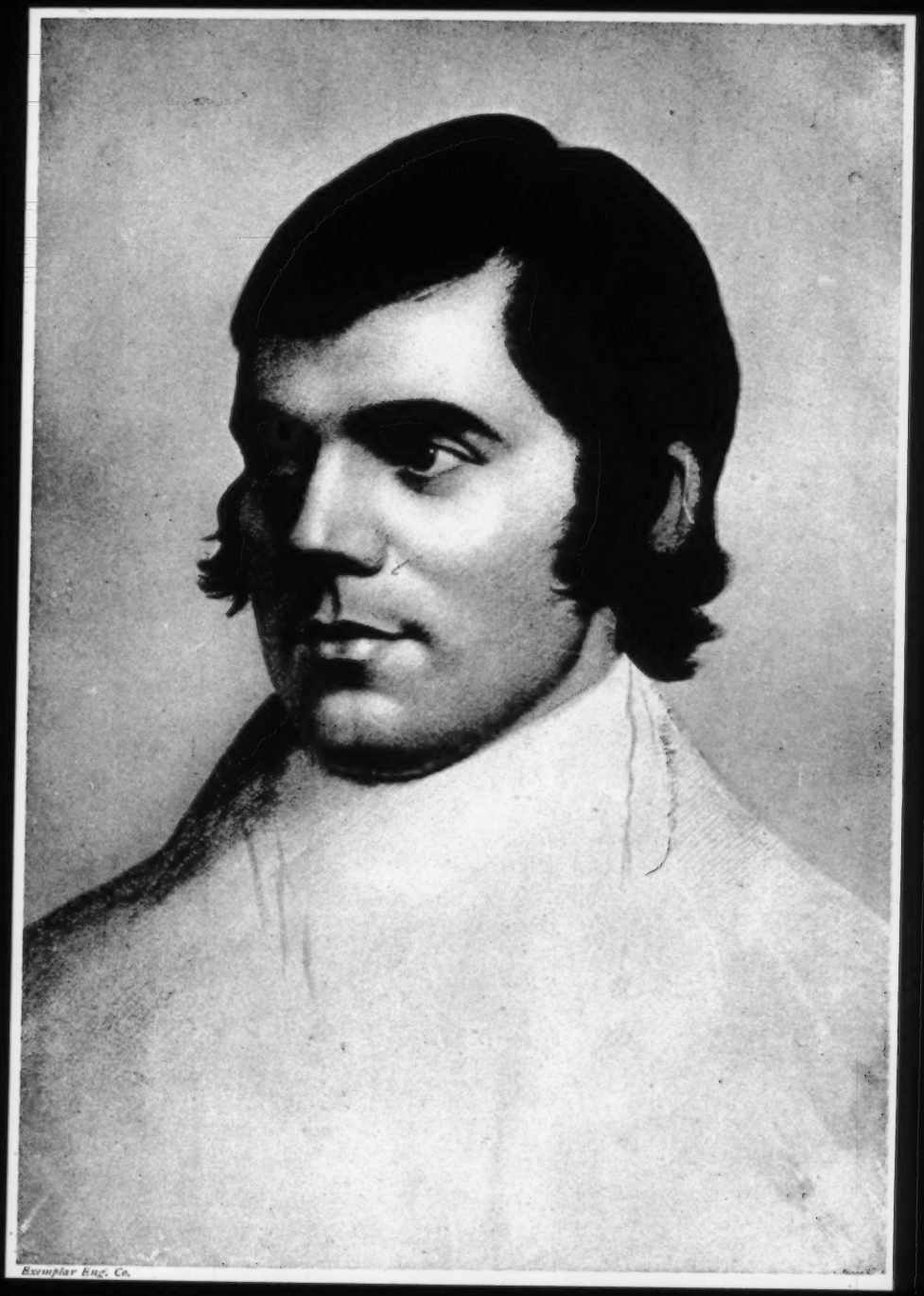
BAYNE, PROFESSOR.—Sir David Wilkie, 3s. 6d. net (Walter Scott)
DUPRAT, G. L.—Morals: Their Psycho-Sociological Bases, 6s. (Walter Scott)

May 4th.

KEMPSTER, AQUILA.—The Adventures of Prince Aga Muza, 1s. and 2s. ..... (Fisher Unwin)
CARYL, VALENTINE.—A Ne'er-do-Well. Pseudonym Lib. 1s. 6d. and 2s. ..... (Fisher Unwin)
Hadyn's Dates. (New Edition.) 21s. ..... (Ward, Lock)
GREEN, A. K.—A Difficult Problem, 3s. 6d. ..... (Ward, Lock)
MILL, GARRETT.—Ottavia. A Novel. 6s. ..... (Blackwood)
HULME, F. EDWARD, F.L.S., F.S.A.—British Butterflies and Moths, 12s. 6d. net ..... (Hutchinson)
REYNOLDS, MRS. FRED.—The Man with the Wooden Face, 6s. (Hutchinson)

Date Uncertain.

WYLLIE, W. L., A.R.A.—Nature's Laws and the Making of Pictures, 15s. net ..... (Edward Arnold)
CLOWES, SIR W. LAIRD (Editor).—A History of the Royal Navy, 25s. ..... (Sampson Low)
BLACKMORE, R. D.—Cripps, the Carrier. (New Edition) 6d. (Sampson Low)
BLACKMORE, R. D.—Mary Anerley, 6d. ..... (Sampson Low)
RUSSELL, W. CLARK.—The Two Captains, 6d. (Sampson Low)
TAYLOR, MAJOR NEVILLE.—Ibex-Shooting in the Himalayas, 6s. net ..... (Sampson Low)
BLACK, WILLIAM.—With the Eyes of Youth, 6s. (Sampson Low)



Exemplar Eng. Co.

THE MEETING OF BURNS AND SCOTT.

From a Painting by Charles Martin Hardie, R.S.A.

"In the winter of 1786-7, Walter Scott, then a boy of fifteen, had his one meeting with Burns at Professor Ferguson's. The poet was affected to tears by some lines from Langhorne, under the print of a soldier lying dead on the snow, his widow and his dog beside him. No one in the room knew whose the lines were but the boy, and Burns rewarded him with a kind look, and a word Scott never forgot."—Note in Catalogue of Burns Exhibition, Glasgow.

(Reproduced by kind permission of Messrs. Aitken, Dott and Son.)

The Reader.

ROBERT BURNS.

By Sir George Douglas, Bart.

IT may be safely predicated that, of all great poets, ancient or modern, native or foreign, Burns is he of whom it is most difficult to speak with freshness. For this, I fear, the Burns Clubs are mainly answerable. In 1802, when the first of these—that of Greenock—was founded, the poet had been dead but six years; and, since that date, the recurrence of the 25th of January has seen, year by year, poured forth an ever-increasing volume of rhetorical appreciation of the poet and his work. Now, in a country where oratory is a deliberately neglected art—in whose National Assembly an Edmund Burke would no longer find a hearing, whilst among Burke's successors the slightest attempt at eloquence is almost invariably received with jeers,—in such a country, it were matter of marvel if the average of excellence attained by the Burns-eulogist were a high one. The result, then, I fear, is that the theme is not so much illuminated as rendered trite: there is much truth in De Stendhal's maxim that, in art, all work which is not first-rate is injurious to our feeling for the beautiful. On this account, it specially behoves that we lose not sight of the fact that that theme is in its nature as inexhaustible as humanity, that the attitude towards it of a growing and developing race is one of perpetual change, and that year by year the subject of our study presents itself in a fresh aspect.

The outstanding characteristic of Burns is this: that, of all great poets, he most completely reveals his own personality, and hence comes nearest to his reader. The assertion is a sweeping one—let me endeavour to give it some substantiation. If we would seek for self-revelation, then, for a close relation between poet and audience, it is obviously to the lyric, rather than to the epic or dramatic poets, that we must turn—to those poets, that is, whose utterance is most frequently personal, whose subject-matter is their own experience and emotion rather than so many imaginary experiences of so many imaginary persons.

Among lyric poets, however, Pindar, perhaps the greatest of them all, is in one sense exceptional. For Pindar has generally a story to tell; he is occupied, not with deeds or feelings of his own, but with deeds or feelings of divine and heroic figures who people the golden ether of his song. His utterance, where it is personal, is also parenthetical. Then, the path of his lay is the path also of the lightning; the vehement rush of his inspiration traverses a region far beyond the ken of ordinary men. Nothing could well be less like

AULD ALLOWAY KIRK.
Made famous by the poem of "Tam o' Shanter."
"When, glimmering thro' the groaning trees,
Kirk-Alloway seem'd in a bleeze;
Thro' ilka bore the beams were glancing,
And loud resounded mirth and dancing."
—Tam o' Shanter.
Photo by William Brown, Paisley.

THE AULD BRIG O' DOON.
Also associated with Tam o' Shanter's Ride.
"Now, do thy speedy utmost, Meg,
And win the key-stane of the brig;
There, at them thou thy tail may toss:
A running stream they darena cross."
—Tam o' Shanter.
Photo by William Brown, Paisley.

Burns. Certain poets of the Anthology, known to us in fragments, come much nearer him; and, had Sappho's work been spared to us, then perhaps we might have possessed a poetic revelation of a rare and ardent feminine personality as complete and powerful as the revelation of the Ayrshire farmer-poet.

Ἠράμαν μὲν ἔγω πίθεν Ἄθι πάλαι πόϊα.

Fragments such as this seem, at least, to justify the fond fancy. But from these to a Marceline Desbordes-Valmore, or Louise Labé, the descent is far.

Proceeding with the comparison, one thinks next, perhaps, of Horace. Well, if we regard Horace only in the characters of Friend and Boon-Companion, he does not fall short of Burns. But of the three social characters in which the inspired exciseman appears to us, those of friend and boon-companion are subordinate. It is as the Lover that he is most himself, and does himself fullest justice; whilst, in its relation to the other sex, Horace's nature was cold and commonplace. Where the two courses run parallel, a poem of delicate fancy, such as the *Nondum subactâ*, may indeed surpass the "I'm o'er young" of Burns. But it is surely unnecessary to recall the rich gamut of amatory feeling by which Burns carries us from the inimitable archness of "The Braw Wooer" or "Duncan Gray," through the romance of "The Lea-Rig" or of "Mary Morison," to the agony and despair of "Ye Banks and Braes" and "Had we never met sae kindly"—it is surely quite superfluous to do this, in order to illustrate the comparative destitution, in this department, of Horace. Here Catullus, Tibullus, Propertius, all come much nearer to the Scotsman. But not the greatest of them touches him.

Descending to modern times, it is naturally of Byron that one thinks in this connection,—of Byron and the Byronic poets—Mussets, Espronceda, Leopardis—whom, for our present purpose, Byron comprehends and overlaps. Burns and Byron have often been coupled together; and, as potent natures, powerfully self-revealing, they have at first sight much in common. But between them is this paramount difference: that self-revelation was with Burns spontaneous and unconscious, with Byron self-conscious and deliberate. And, from our present point of view, the important result of this difference is that, in so far as Byron posed, or studied "how the light should fall upon the picture," just in so far did he hinder or stultify self-revelation. The expression of his passion came from him without reserve, assuredly without hypocrisy; yet not without *arrière-pensée*. For, as he worked, his thought would be divided between the object to be delineated, and the effect to be produced by the delineation. Hence the interest of much of his poetry is the interest of artifice; which, though by no means inconsiderable, is yet much less than the interest of nature.

Now, from taint of this kind, Burns's work was virgin. And hence, when we think of *him*, says Mr. Andrew Lang, Byron seems by one degree remote from actual truth. In a parenthesis one may add that, among Byronic poets, Leopardi was perhaps alone quite free from kindred taint. And him an ailing body, together with a painfully restricted experience, left poor in the material essential to self-revelation. Among the other English analogues of our poet, Herrick's nature was infinitely less rich than that of Burns; whilst Barnes, his unquestioned merit notwithstanding, remains from first to last provincial.

But, admitting the fulness and directness of Burns's self-revelation, it is obvious that the value and interest of such revelation must depend largely on the nature of the self which is revealed. Now, all contemporary evidence—from the testimony of the boy Walter Scott to that of such a woman of the world and of fashion as Her Grace of Richmond, born of the House of Maxwell—unites to prove the power and charm of Burns's personality. It combined with an animated geniality, irresistible to all who came within its range, an impressive force due to the elemental fire which slumbered or smouldered within. In other words, his genius was no thing of moods and seasons, or of time and place; it remained an integral and expressive part of him, whether he wrote and sang, or merely spoke, acted, demeaned himself, in presence of the world. Literary history has furnished an abundance of instances of

TAM O' SHANTER.
From a Drawing by Marshall Brown.

"The Souter tauld his queerest stories;
The landlord's laugh was ready chorus:
The storm without might rair and rustle,
Tam did na mind the storm a whistle."

(Reproduced from "The Poetical Works of Robert Burns," by kind permission of Mr. James Thin.)

AULD LANG SYNE.
From a Drawing by Marshall Brown.

"And there's a hand, my trusty fiere!
And gie's a hand o' thine!
And we'll tak a right gude-willie waught
For auld lang syne."

(Reproduced from "The Poetical Works of Robert Burns," by kind permission of Mr. James Thin.)

genius as an intermitting visitant, fitful and uncertain in its manifestations, subject to long trances or periods of suspended animation. Of these, the case of him who

"Wrote like an angel and talked like poor Poll,"

or of the "six years from sixty" which were given to effective production in the life of the poet and haverel Coleridge, comes perhaps most readily to mind.

But, behind the swarthy brow and muscular breast of Robert Burns, genius—native, dæmonic, and non-moral—sat sleepless throughout thirty-seven years,—until, worn out, she laid him low. Nothing, of course, is more notorious than that his poetic productiveness underwent occasional paralysis. But, with him, poetic production was but one out of many activities of a single principle.

For ourselves the important fact is that the impression produced upon the poet's contemporaries by his presence is communicated in a quite extraordinary degree to the readers of his writings. And this is what I mean by saying that, of all great poets, he is the one who *comes nearest to us*. For though Homer, Dante, Shakespeare, Milton may entrance us, they convey to us little or no feeling of personal contact with themselves. They do more for us than Burns, and yet less. For, for us, they re-open the long-fast gates of Eden; us they make free of regions of romance as fair as gardens of the Hesperides; they admit us to the high heaven, and to the underworld. But to their own confidence they do not admit us. With Burns it is otherwise, and this is his special appanage and distinction among the great poets. That the two privileges are for a moment comparable, shows the magnitude of his nature.

Shakespeare, Milton, Shelley—Shakespeare, Milton, Burns: according to one or other of these orders of precedence will critics probably determine the rank of our native poets. Should Shelley be placed higher than Burns, we will not challenge him; for, in truth, the two men are scarcely comparable. Mr. Swinburne's division of the poets into Gods and Titans may be applied to divide them. Shelley is the more triumphant artist, the more sublimated soul; Burns is the greater human, natural, and original force. And well it is for us that we may choose between the two. So, would we wander in a world of dreams, of shapes and shades as lovely as the flowers touched by their feet, as insubstantial as the roseate clouds and iridescent mists which are their sisters and congeners; would we hear a voice—scarcely a human voice, but rather that of some sweet bird or angel—discourse of things so pure and high that half do they elude our gross and bounded comprehension: would we do these things, it is to Shelley we must turn. For, if we turn to Burns, at once the world of phantoms vanishes, like dreams at day-break, or "like ghosts from an enchanter fleeing." And, in the place of disembodied spirits, we find plain men and women, like ourselves—women, not ignorant perhaps of frailty, yet faithful and warm-hearted; men assuredly not too wise or good for nature's daily purposes. And over all there dominates one genial, human, manly presence; for there is no other whose bodily presence can be so well pictured as that of Burns. We can feel it as we read his page. Thus the Epistles make us fancy that he buttonholes us, the love-songs that we are the recipient of his confidence in that kind—in Ayrshire dialect, his "blackleg." Indeed, he comes so near that almost we expect to find his hand laid on our own; or, looking up, to meet his full dark eye, fixed earnestly upon us from across the table—now twinkling roguishly, now glowing like a sunset sky with pathos or enthusiasm. There are natures, no doubt, too cold or superfine to value such intercourse. Well, for these there are other poets. The fact stands that no man has ever stamped his personality on his work as Burns has done. It may be urged that this illusion of nearness is due to the poet's having taken everyday life for his theme, or sphere of operations. To some extent no doubt this is so; but beyond that point there remains a power which the *βάναυσος τέχνη* of criticism must acknowledge but cannot explain.

I may have seemed, at the outset, to speak somewhat slightingly of Burns Clubs—let me endeavour, before concluding, to make amends. Of all Clubs and Societies founded to do honour to poets and other men

MOUNT OLIPHANT.

From a Photograph by Henry C. Shelley.

The parents of Robert Burns removed from Alloway in 1766 to the small farm of Mount Oliphant. Of the life there Gilbert Burns wrote, "Nothing could be more retired than our general manner of living at Mount Oliphant; we rarely saw anybody but the members of our own family. There were no boys of our own age or near it in the neighbourhood."

(Reproduced from H. C. Shelley's "The Ayrshire Homes and Haunts of Burns," by kind permission of Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

LOCHLEA.

From a Photograph by Henry C. Shelley.

In 1777 Burns's parents removed from Mount Oliphant to a more promising farm called Lochlea, in the parish of Tarbolton. This was perhaps the happiest home the poet ever had, and here he worked as a farm labourer at a salary of £7 a year paid him by his father.

(Reproduced from H. C. Shelley's "The Ayrshire Homes and Haunts of Burns," by kind permission of Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

of genius, I believe that the largest proportion of good fellows—of frank natures, readily open to the impressions of friendship and of fellowship—will be found in the Burns Clubs. On the other hand, mere pedants, literary ghouls, are there at a discount; whilst blue-stockings remain, in the nature of things, unrepresented. And, in passing, be it noted as a singular fact that Burns, who wrote so much in praise of woman, is not a favourite poet with the fair sex. In life he had many female friends, whom perhaps he did not always use as well as he might have done. Do I trace a retribution in the posthumous withdrawal of lovely countenances? These reflections further suggest the audacious enquiry whether it is a common thing for ladies to love any poetry whatever for its own sake, and not rather for some esoteric or accidental cause. But, without entering upon that large subject, it may be enough here to suggest as explanation this unpopularity of his, that, though Burns praised the lassies, he did not praise them as they best love to be praised. At any rate, he is essentially a man's, not a woman's, poet.

This conclusion would naturally serve to bring me to the consideration of Burns's relations with the other sex. But upon that subject I have here nothing to say. The facts are known to all the world; they are not to be explained away, nor am I called on to censure or apologise for them.

"Among the sons of men
How many have with a smile made small account
Of beauty and of her lures, easily scorned
All her assaults, on worthier things intent!"

Of these, Burns was not one. The faithful tender love of one pure woman, the ideal of the best of men—to this he did not steadfastly aspire, consistently hold fast. Yet, surely! we may well be content to take him as he was, with all his imperfections—looking on him, with wonder and delight and love and pity, as upon some star

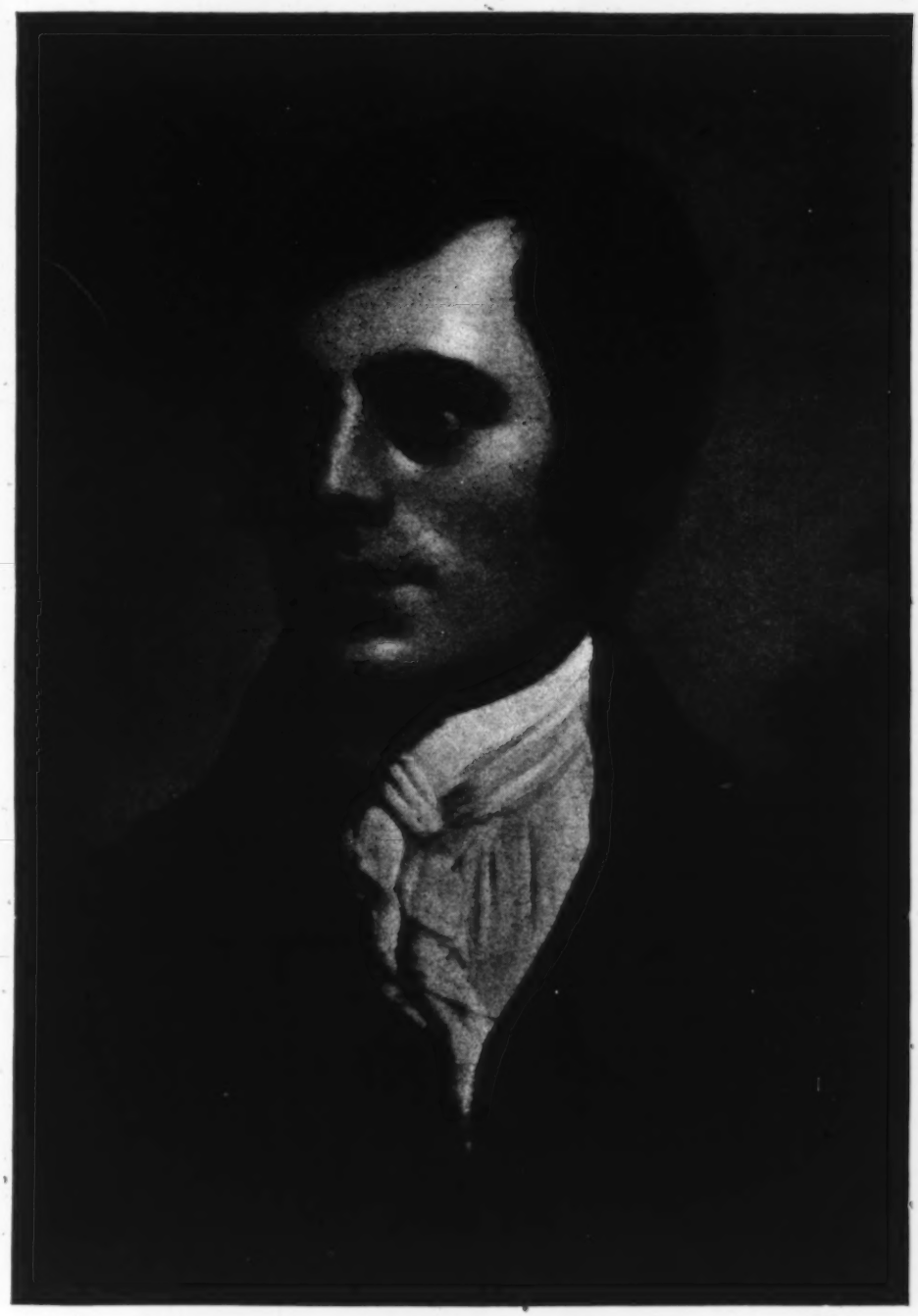
"that from the ruin'd roof
Of shaked Olympus by mischance did fall."

He is the friendliest, most companionable, of all great poets; he revealed to us the poetry of daily life, and he endowed us with the songs whereby we interpret our own joys and sorrows, loves and friendships.

ROBERT BURNS: SOME OF HIS HOMES AND HAUNTS.

By W. S. Crockett.

BURNS, in one sense at least, may be termed the twin brother of Scott. Mention one of them, and you think somehow of the other. By Scotsmen all the world over no two names are more held in honour. In the domain of Scottish Literature they wield supreme sovereignty. And both are claimed as being in a very real manner the creators of their country. More people, it is affirmed, are drawn to Scotland for the sake of Scott and Burns than all her Immortals. And there seems no reason for questioning the statement. The lordly Abbotsford in the romantic valley of the Tweed, on one side, and a "poor Ayrshire hut"—Carlyle's phrase—by the banks of the Doon, on the other, so widely opposite in their bearings, have been long the chief shrines to many thousands of pilgrim feet. "They'll think mair o' me a hundred years after I am gone," were the dying Burns's pathetically prophetic words, the last shadows closing around him, but the despair of a wretched, heart-breaking pauperism being his most real darkness. Now, when the hundred years have more than passed, with their more than literal fulfilment, Burns seems destined for a following even more sympathetic in the centuries that are to come. Within recent years the cult of the bard has progressed by leaps and bounds, till there is scarcely a village without its Burns Club or celebration of his birthday. The remarkable centenaries of 1859 and 1896, the annual homage paid everywhere to his memory, and a constant stream of Burnsiana, are verification enough, too, of Carlyle's prophecy of his "hero," uttered sixty years since: "You would think it strange if I called Burns the most gifted British soul we had in all that century of his; and



ROBERT BURNS, 1759—1796.

From the Painting by Alexander Nasmyth in the National Portrait Gallery.

"His person was strong and robust; his manners rustic, not clownish; a sort of dignified plainness and simplicity, which received part of its effect perhaps from one's knowledge of his extraordinary talents. His features are represented in Mr. Nasmyth's picture; but to me it conveys the idea that they are diminished, as if seen in perspective. I think his countenance was more massive than it looks in any of the portraits. . . . There was a strong expression of sense and shrewdness in all his lineaments; the eye alone, I think, indicated the poetical character and temperament. It was large, and of a dark cast, which glowed (I say literally *glowed*) when he spoke with feeling or interest."—Sir Walter Scott.

yet I believe the day is coming when there will be little danger in saying so." How wide has been the recognition of his genius, and how far-reaching his message, none will ever know.

Our subject, however, is the Country of Burns rather than the man himself. A glance at his homes and haunts will help us to understand his work and his personality all the better. By ninety-nine out of every hundred, Ayrshire is regarded as emphatically the "Land of Burns," just as Scott is identified mostly with Tweedside and the Border. But Burns has associations—the closest links indeed—elsewhere. Kincardineshire, or the Mearns, for instance, is an earlier Burns Country, whence the family sprang, from which the elder Burns wandered to his western home, and where their graves and tombstones are still seen. In Edinburgh itself, the poet spent the most brilliant period of his career. The "dewy holms" of Nithsdale, and "Dumfries, the Southern Queen," the scene of his final brokenheartedness, and his place of "sepulture in sculptured state,"

are no less parts of the Burns Country as notable as any of the Ayrshire localities that bear his name. Nevertheless, the all too brief tale of Burns's life was for the most part spent—twenty-seven years out of thirty-seven—in his native Ayrshire. A line drawn on the map from Irvine to Kilmarnock, and south to Kirkoswald, through the parishes of Mauchline, Stair, and Dalrymple, embraces, for all practical purposes, the home-land of the bard and the arena of his best work. But since Irvine and Kirkoswald are only of transient interest in his life, it is possible to circumscribe it still further, and to find, within a radius of not more than eight miles from the county town, the chief associations of his Ayrshire career. Irvine's memories are more of Galt and the "Annals," and of "the Christian poet," James Montgomery, who were natives, than of Burns. The place was the scene of his disastrous attempt at flax-dressing (the house is still pointed out), and unhappily also, he was led to learn here those loose-living habits which held him in thrall to the end. Kilmarnock is interesting mainly from the fact that the first edition of the Poems was published there in 1786, and its Laigh Kirk was the scene of "The Ordination." Kirkoswald is somewhat richer in the Burns story. Many of the poet's maternal ancestors are interred here. His mother—Agnes Brown—was a daughter of the farmer at Craigenton in the parish. At Kirkoswald school, as a lad of seventeen, he studied mensuration and land-surveying, residing with his uncle at Ballochneil, now extinct. The redoubtable "Tam" (Douglas Graham) of Shanter—now included in the farm of Jameston, overlooking Shanter Bay, a notorious smuggling haunt—and the prototype of "Souter Johnny" (John Davidson), sleep within a few paces in the sloping churchyard at the south end of the village.

MRS. FRANCES ANNA DUNLOP.

From the Picture painted by G. Mosman in 1747.

"The relation between Burns and Mrs. Dunlop is probably unique in literary history. She was not to him what Madame de Warens was to Rousseau, or what 'the divine Emily' was to Voltaire, or what Charlotte von Stein was to Goethe. She did not inspire him to literary exertion as Lady Hesketh inspired Cowper, although she had some ambition that way. Her own view of the relationship she wished to establish is indeed given in one of the earliest of her letters, 'I have been told Voltaire read all his manuscripts to an old woman, and printed nothing but what she aporoved. I wish you would name me to her office.' Although Burns did not appoint her to the 'office,' she appointed herself. . . . On the whole, it may be doubted if Burns ever met a kindlier or wiser woman than Mrs. Dunlop."—William Wallace.

(Reproduced from "Robert Burns and Mrs. Dunlop." Hodder and Stoughton.)

But the Burns Country proper begins with Alloway and the Doon. Practically the first half of the poet's life was passed in the immediate neighbourhood of Ayr:

> "Auld Ayr, wham ne'er a town surpasses
> For honest men and bonnie lasses."

When William Burness—so he wrote the name—a journeyman gardener from Glenbervie, migrated to Ayrshire about 1751, and a few years later, reared with his own hands a habitation for himself and his young wife on the then retired enough Ayr and Alloway road, he little dreamed that he was setting up one of the shrines of the world. A neat, clean, clay-walled thatched cottage of one storey was their home for some twelve years, and here their eldest child, the Immortal Robin, was born.

Burns gloried in the fact that he sprang from the people. He remained pre-eminently "a man of the people," and it was his pride to be the prophet and the interpreter of the common people's life. Scott was born to comparative affluence, though none practised the strenuous life more than he, even at his most prosperous times. But Burns had a hard, uphill, losing battle to the end of his days. Some have seen in the "auld clay biggin'" a kind of likeness or personification of his position. Poverty persistently dogged his steps. He never got beyond the "but-and-ben" stage. His life was a constant paradox. "Higher than all he clomb, yet low remained." Still if he had been nursed in the lap of fortune, is it likely he would have blossomed into the national singer, or the world-name that he is? The chances are against it.

The cottage at Alloway has altered considerably since the "blast o' Januar' wind blew hansel in" on the little stranger. But it is fairly representative of that erected by the poet's father. The kitchen, as it now stands, is probably the same. By this old-fashioned fireplace the bard was cradled, and through these wee window-panes the sun stole in to kiss his raven hair. Here is the identical box-bed in which he is said to have been born. A "bink" for the goodwife's dishes, Mrs. Burns's spinning-wheel, and an antique eight-day clock are the chief relics. The humility of the place is apparent, and it is not possible to stand unmoved at the severe simplicity of things. And not unlikely is this poor, mean room the scene of the "Cotter's Saturday Night," the most sustained and surely the most sacred of all the poet's muse.

But the subjects of his song are everywhere. Burns is the great tutelary genius of the district. Of surpassing natural beauty—rich beyond what is usually found in Scotland, the landscape itself is a veritable poem. Burns did not see such wealth of foliage, to be sure. Since

MOSSGIEL.

Mossgiel Farm "consisted of 118 acres, and the rent was £90." Burns resided there from 1784 till 1788.

"'There!' said a stripling, pointing with meet pride
Towards a low roof with green trees half concealed,
'Is Mossgiel Farm; and that's the very field
Where Burns ploughed up the daisy!'"
—William Wordsworth.

Photo by William Brown, Paisley.

THE HOUSE OF GAVIN HAMILTON ADJOINING "MAUCHLINE CASTLE,"

Where Robert Burns was married to Jean Armour.

"The castle has undergone little or no change these hundred years, and it is easy to recall that Sabbath morning when the worthy Gavin Hamilton, petitioned by his children for some new potatoes for dinner, instructed his gardener to dig a few, little thinking that the eyes of the 'unco guid' were upon him."—The Ayrshire Homes and Haunts of Burns.

(Reproduced from the illustrated catalogue of the Burns Exhibition, Glasgow, 1896, by kind permission of Messrs. T. R. Annan and Sons.)

his day the scenery around Doonside and Alloway has an even sweeter setting. But in the main, he looked out from the Cottage and Mount Oliphant, on the same broad belt of hill and dale, woodland and running stream, and the haunting Arran ridges perpetually present to the eye. Yet how utterly unknown was almost every feature of the landscape before Burns voiced its charms. The clear-running Doon is now as famous as "smooth-flowing Mincius crowned with vocal reeds." Its "auld brig" immortalised as never brig before, Alloway Kirk, Mossgiel, Ballochmyle, and the Castle of Montgomery, further afield, are familiar the world over. Permanent monuments these to the poet when so much of what was purely personal to him has disappeared. "Alloway's auld haunted kirk"—its memories of Christian sanctity all but gone—reeks ever of that uncanny revelry which has made it, next to Melrose, the most famous ruin in the land. Here William Burness—"the saint, the father, and the husband," worn out with stroke upon stroke of ill-luck—asked that he might be laid after life's fitful fever. It is long since Cassillis and Bargeny fought at the gaunt Brig of Doon, but the Shanter's is the overshadowing story. Meg's clattering hoofs are still in our ears. Deloraine's ride from Branksome was not more desperate:

"Now, do thy speedy utmost, Meg,
And win the keystane of the brig;
There at them thou thy tail may toss,
A running stream they darena cross."

Another shrine in the neighbourhood is Mount Oliphant, where the poet lived from his seventh to his seventeenth year. Except where the walls have been heightened a little, and the roof slated, the place is practically unchanged. But the poor, hungry, sterile soil was badly over-rented. To this, add rainy seasons and a pestering factor, and—failure. Here the two mastering passions of Burns's life—love and poetry—declared themselves. Here, young as he was, he made acquaintance with a surprisingly many-sided literature, and here too, against the parental wish, he learned the dancing art—a fatal enough lesson for him, surely. Lochlea (1777-1784) was their next tenancy, misfortune still dogging their steps. Still Burns was probably happier at Lochlea than anywhere else in his life (so like Scott at Ashestiel and his one experience of unmarred happiness). The house is entirely altered since his time, and there are no

THE "HECKLING" HOUSE, IRVINE.

The removal of Burns from Lochlea to Irvine in order to learn flax-dressing or "heckling" took place in the midsummer of 1781. "Partly through whim," wrote the poet, "and partly that I wished to set about doing something in life, I joined with a flax-dresser in a neighbouring country town to learn his trade." The "heckling" house still stands, in a narrow crooked lane, known as Glasgow Vennel.

Photo by T. Patterson, Irvine.

BALLOCHMYLE HOUSE,

As it was before being rebuilt.

Burns's famous poem, "The Lass of Ballochmyle," was inspired by Miss Wilhelmina Alexander, sister of Mr. Claud Alexander, the proprietor of Ballochmyle. The verses were sent to her enclosed in a letter, but to the poet's mortification she refused to take notice of them, although in later days she is said to have exhibited them with pride.

Photo by I. and I. R. Hood, Catrine.

TARBOLTON.

The village of Tarbolton, some two miles distant from Lochlea, figures largely in Burns's life.

"From scenes like these, old Scotia's grandeur springs,
That makes her lov'd at home, rever'd abroad:
Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,
An honest man's the noblest work of God."
—The Cotter's Saturday Night.

Photo by Alex. Jamieson, Mauchline.

WILLIE'S MILL, TARBOLTON.

"I was come round about the hill,
An' todlin down on Willie's mill,
Setting my staff wi' a' my skill,
To keep me sicker;
Tho' leeward whyles, against my will,
I took a bicker."
—Death and Doctor Hornbook.

Photo by Alex. Jamieson, Mauchline.

relics. But there are Burns memories enough in the quaint, straggling street of Tarbolton, a mile or two from Lochlea. In the upper flat of a house in the Sandgate he originated the Bachelors' Club—not wholly a wise thing for him, as it turned out. The house where he was initiated into Freemasonry is still to the fore. "Dr. Hornbook's" (John Wilson's) "thack" adjoins the Crown Inn, and the scene of the weird colloquy between Burns and Death, close to "Willie's mill," is pointed out at a short distance from the village. Burns seems to have fallen in love with every girl in the parish. Coilsfield, now known as Montgomery Castle, a classic-looking embowered edifice, considerably altered since Burns's day, is an outstanding name in his love episodes. First the housekeeper, then an under-servant, and finally the dairymaid, or byreswoman, of Coilsfield, fell to his heart. The latter was his famous Highland Mary, and near the confluence of the Fail burn with the Ayr, the spot is still shown where they plighted eternal troth, and parted for ever. The neighbouring town of Mauchline bulks largely in Burns's history. A mile out is Mossgiel, extending to 118 acres, and rented for £100 a year by Burns and his brother from 1784 to 1788, the latter continuing his tenancy to 1800. Mossgiel is the best-known of the places connected with his poetical career. It is all one rich memory of Burns. Here he wrote many of his most famous pieces—the "Cotter's Saturday Night"; "To a Mountain Daisy"; "The Vision"; "Hallowe'en," etc. Behind the farm-steading is the field where he turned down the daisy, and where, too, his ploughshare demolished the mouse's nest. The original house—low and thatched, with kitchen, bedroom and closet, the floors of kneaded clay, and walls cracked and damp—was entirely rebuilt about the middle of last century. It was while residing at Mossgiel that the Kilmarnock edition of the Poems was published. The subscription price was three shillings, a copy of which was sold within a year or two for no less than 600 guineas.

Mauchline is richer in Burns associations than any other place in Kyle. He was here (at Mossgiel) from twenty-three to twenty-eight, and at the height of his genius. Here Jean Armour first crossed his path. Mauchline Kirk was the scene of the "Holy Fair." Nearly opposite the kirkyard gate, at a corner of the Cowgate, Poosie Nansie's (Agnes Gibson) change-house—the "howf" of the "Jolly Beggars"—is still standing. Johnny Dove's "public" (here lies Johnny Pigeon) and Nanse Tinnock's have each their modern representative. The Armours' and Morrisons' houses are still pointed out. At Mauchline Castle Burns's friend and laird, Gavin Hamilton, dispensed generous hospitality. In a room of the Castle Burns was married to his "bonnie Jean." Within Mauchline churchyard repose many of the heroes and heroines of the bard—"The Poet's bonnie Mary Morison, who died 29th June, 1791, aged 20"; the Rev. "Daddy" Auld of the "Kirk's Alarm"; his pharisaic elder, "Holy Willie" (William Fisher); Nanse Tinnock; Gavin Hamilton; John Richmond, that Mauchline friend who was his first host in Edinburgh; the Alexanders of Ballochmyle, an estate in the parish through whose magnificent woods Burns was a frequent wanderer, and where he encountered the heroines of his exquisite lyrics, "Farewell to Ballochmyle," and the "Lass of Ballochmyle." The grave of the Armours is of outstanding interest, in which also two of his own children are buried. Mauchline has changed pretty much since Burns's day, but there are many old houses with which he must have been familiar, and the topography of the "Holy Fair" is still easy enough. From his Ayrshire haunts, we turn for a moment to the banks of Nith and the painful memories of the Dumfries days. A winter or two in Edinburgh, where he was flattered and feasted, and literally "spoiled" by the short-sighted votaries of the capital, a run to the Highlands, and a Border tour, and the chapter opens at Ellisland, a small farm in Dunscore parish (Craigenputtock is in the same parish), five miles from Dumfries (the house is practically unchanged since Burns's time). One hundred and seventy acres of wild and unimproved gravelly soil ("the riddlings of creation"), a £50 rental, three years' tenancy, and failure, is the brief record of the place.

THE INAUGURATION OF ROBERT BURNS AS POET LAUREATE OF THE LODGE CANONGATE KILWINNING, No. 2, EDINBURGH, 1787.
(From the original painting in Freemasons' Hall, Edinburgh, by permission of the Grand Lodge of Scotland.)
Rischgitz Collection.

Fortune was still hiding her face, and there was nothing for it but the "gauger's game," which in his heart of hearts he must have abhorred. Accordingly he said farewell to "pleasant Ellisland," for the spot possessed wondrous beauty—the most beautiful of all the places where Burns had stayed. "It looks across the stream, and is so near to it that, when the shadow of the house lengthened with the departing day, it was thrown across the fields on the other side of the river—there pure itself, and running over purest gravel. The hills and wood and trees round the house are familiar enough. Dalswinton was just in front, in the middle of the picture. Friars Carse, Lincluden Abbey, Dumfries itself were all in the immediate neighbourhood, and the Nith, as was natural, appears again and again in his verse." But beauty, for all that, does not boil the pot. Yet was the Ellisland life a fruitful one for the world, if not for the poet, since he wrote here his "To Mary in Heaven"—crooning it out in the stack-yard beneath the silent stars—and "Tam o' Shanter"—dashing it off in a perfect furore of triumphal glee. Other well-known songs are the offspring of this period—John Anderson; "Glencairn's Lament"; and "O a' the airts the win' can blaw"—that ever-winsome monody to his newly-wedded Jean, at Mauchline, 46 miles off. An excise appointment at Dumfries brings us to the last sad scene of all. In December, 1791, we find him occupying the middle flat of a three-storey tenement in the Wee Vennel, since named Bank Street. By-and-by he removed to a small, self-contained house in the Mill Brae, now Burns Street, a short, mean street, but containing the most sacred of all the homes of the bard. It was the largest, most decent house he had ever lived in, and here the tragedy was played out in the hot summer of 1796. "The mild gate of Death was opened to him, and he passed, not softly but speedily, into that still country where the hailstorms and fire-showers do not reach, and the heaviest laden wayfarer at length lays down his load." From Burns's house, which contains not a single relic (he wrote hundreds of songs here), it is but a step or two to his sleeping-place in old St. Michael's:

"Here pause, and through the starting tear
Survey this grave."

SPECIMENS OF PRINTING, ILLUMINATION, ETC., IN THE ARTS AND CRAFTS EXHIBITION.

By Ernest Radford.

IT is safe to assume that these specimens have been selected by experts, for it would be hard to find fault with the press-work, no matter who the exhibitor is. If not vellum, the best of hand-made papers, and the ink that the printer loves—pitch black. In the page itself, uniformity. No alternations of black and grey, and none of the meanders called "rivers" leading the eye an irregular downward course. Specimens

OLD MASONIC LODGE, TARBOLTON.

"Adieu! a heart-warm, fond adieu;
Dear brothers of the *mystic tye!*
Ye favourèd, *enlighten'd* few,
Companions of my social joy."

—The Farewell to the Brethren of St. James's Lodge, Tarbolton.

Photo by Alex. Jamieson, Mauchline.

NANSE TINNOCK'S HOUSE, MAUCHLINE.

"A worthy old hostess of the author's in Mauchline, where he sometimes studies politics over a glass of guid, auld Scotch drink."—R. B.

"An' drink his health in auld Nanse Tinnock's
Nine times a-week,
If he some scheme, like tea an' winnocks,
Wad kindly seek."

—The Author's Earnest Cry and Prayer.

Photo by William Brown, Paisley.

lacking this excellence in any particular are conspicuous here by their absence, so it is not the press-work we speak of, but certain errors of taste, and affectations.

There are reminiscences of handwriting in the earliest examples of printing, and the fact that there is precedent for nearly all eccentricity makes it hard to convince the offender that there is anything wrong in his practice. The printer's ideal page would seem to be something so close-packed, and so black, that admiring is easier far than reading. When books were few altogether, when people were more often read to than reading, when even paper was scarce, and printers still followed the practice of writers as far as they could, there were reasons that do not hold now for crowding the page, and there will have to be concessions to the convenience of modern readers. Take the black letter, for instance. There is nothing more trying to eyes unaccustomed than this, and its revival together with the practice of packing the page so tightly is likely to be short lived. There are certain exceptions, however, and showing exactly how this form of letter should be displayed, we have Mr. St. John Hornby's beautiful "Dante." (Essendine Press, No. 332 : j.)

Another idea, certainly not Mr. Morris's, is that of enormous capital letters being of themselves sufficiently beautiful to be given an inordinate amount of space. Thus, in the Essex House "Comus," the initial B is about half the length of the page, and seeing how ugly it is, there seems no reason for having it here unless that something to heap gold on is wanted. It does not rely like the figure of woman on association of ideas for its effect, and detached as it is from the context, receives nothing of beauty from that. Of craft divorced from art, and also from commonsense there are striking examples here, and in some of the other cases. If space allowed there would be something about the handwriting, because unless typography is to remain stationary, its future is with the caligraphers. Beautiful, in Case 326, is the "Book of Ruth," by Ernest A. Treglowen, and "A Winter Day," by Grailly Hewitt. There may be other writers as good, or as promising, but none better it seemed than the above-named and Miss Kingsford (No. 326, "The Book of Genesis").

In the Essex House "Epithalamium," there are brown, gold, red, blue, black, on the white page, each colour disowning the other, and "The Tam-o'-Shanter" is printed as prose in wiry, uninteresting capital letters, like the "Comus" already complained of.

The printed page, with its "serried ranks," conveys to the mind the idea of a wordy mass-meeting (I know not how else to account for the pleasure derived from its blackness and density), but when caps of no particular beauty are put where ordinary letters should be, that simple pleasure is lost, and the use of them instead of italics, laying stress on particular passages, is another vexatious practice which will have to be discontinued.

Since the modern printers seem to originate little, one would not be surprised to hear that there is precedent for the above-mentioned absurdity of displaying verse as if it were prose. While a poem displayed in the ordinary way puts the senses of sight and hearing into communication immediately, there seems in the contrary plan to be a malignant design to prevent their working together.

Devotion also accounts, I suppose, for the absence of the italic in Mr. Cobden-Sanderson's "Ideal Book," for the printers have modelled their alphabet on Jensen's, an alphabet lacking three letters in the upper and lower cases, and lacking italics also. Assuming that these letters have been supplied as a concession to modern requirements, I think there should be italic. There is nothing lovelier at the printer's disposal, and as that in use has from the days of Aldus been consistently and properly blended with ordinary letter, it would be a pity to drop it.

It would take long to complete the list of the absurdities, and not until we have said "hands off" to the illustrator, who seems to have mistaken his mission entirely—to him and the illuminator—do we begin to taste of the pleasure of seeing the best books sensibly treated.

POOSIE NANSIE'S HOSTEL,

Which Burns immortalised in "The Jolly Beggars—A Cantata."

"In the time of Burns this cottage was a lodging-house for vagrants, and it seems that the poet and some of his companions were wont to drop in occasionally late at night to see the maimed and the blind in their undress of sound limbs and opened eyes."—The Ayrshire Homes and Haunts of Burns.

Photo by William Brown, Paisley.

THE COWGATE, MAUCHLINE,

At the corner of which stood Poosie Nansie's hostel.

There are still many buildings in Mauchline which take the mind back to the poet's time, and the topography of the place is practically unchanged. In the Cowgate are several houses which have altered but little during the past hundred years, and the position of this street, with the old church at one end, throws a light on Burns's reference to it in "The Holy Fair."

Photo by William Brown, Paisley.

"A great mind here; a little mind there." It is painful to have to say this in the palace of arts and crafts, but excepting where artist and author are one, or where the gods have united their souls, it seems the right thing to say. An example of what seems wasted talent, since that talent is very great, is supplied by the illuminator of Morris's Lectures published by Longmans. In the Middle ages, when all was in manuscript, the whole page was alive with the writer's feeling for art; but the mechanical work of the press cannot be made to "go," as we say, with this kind of ornamentation. By process of elimination, we get at the root idea which, as I understand it, is to make unaffectedly excellent printing as common as it ought to be, and leaving ornamentation to speak for itself, the book-lover is recommended to devote the most of his time to the best of these printed books. In the reprint of Morris's Lectures, in his "Golden Type," the public obtains for half-a-crown only what to me is the "Ideal book," and if only we had the sense to insist on all books having something of this quality, instead of allowing ourselves to be fooled by cheap-as-dirt parodies of Morris's costliest books, there would be a slump in the market for trash.

In Case 332, lettered e, f, h, are three books from the Chiswick Press, printed in types almost equally beautiful—Morris's "Golden Type," Miller's "Old Style," and Caslon's "Old Face." The "Vale Press" publications should also be noticed, and anything executed under Mr. James Guthrie's direction is nearly sure to be right all through.

It would be a mistake to suppose that there is anything so very astonishing in the works of the newest presses, for with competition there will be the extremes of good and bad in this trade. In England the Chiswick Press, supported by many book-lovers, has maintained a high standard persistently—not always with work of this quality, since haste is the word in business, but as often as there has been a call for it.

"Simple beauty and naught else" may be found in some other cases, but nothing pretending to the importance of "the English Bible" exhibited by the Doves Press. The partners, Emery Walker and Cobden-Sanderson, bring refined intellectual talent into the printer's domain, and little of the affectations of others who might have been named. This Bible, most fortunately unillustrated, and requiring the support of a lectern, is likely for many generations to stand unrivalled in Sacred places.

New Books.

MRS. HUMPHRY WARD'S "JULIE."*

Certainly, it is the name of Rousseau's idyllic heroine that Mrs. Humphry Ward borrows; and every reader of well-known French books will cry out "Mlle. de l'Espinasse!" at page four, and expect the arrival of blind old Madame du Deffand ere he has got to page ten. Julie in the "Nouvelle Héloïse" was sentimental; Mlle. de l'Espinasse could not be more passionate—her letters burn with an unquenchable fire; but this Julie Le Breton is of the stage, an actress who needs no prompting, who is "falsely true," armed at all points, and who belongs to the comedy of high life, not to romance or sentiment. With one exception—the agitated midnight scene where she bids farewell to Warkworth—Julie vanishes after Part the First, and another girl, somewhat resembling Lucy in "David Grieve," takes her place. But when the key changes we feel that the story goes out. As Verlaine says, "Tout le reste est littérature." And some one else, "Great is the art of beginning, greater still the art of ending." Should the end occur in the middle? If not, "Lady Rose's Daughter" will be most kindly judged as an agreeable fragment.

That is very curious. While Mrs. Ward carries off a couple of women from French Memoirs, dresses them up in their native epigrams, and re-writes the delicious incident of high life below stairs which finishes her First Part triumphantly, she is all alive, and therefore as original as Molière in "Les Fourberies de Scapin," his immortal plagiarism from Cyrano de Bergerac. "Let her steal again," we say applauding, if as deftly, as amusingly; we encourage theft when it brings us such stolen goods. What is equally to the purpose, we are far from disliking so accomplished, wayward, and brilliant a *comédienne* as the poor companion who routs Lady Henry horse and foot. Our sympathies go with Mlle. Gil Blas; the great heavy British conscience has no business here; we protest against it as an unwarrantable intrusion. Julie, wronged in her birth, reminded by the envious old woman that she is paid for being an exquisite piece of furniture (and Lady Henry imagines that her own mind is not vulgar as any City madam's!) Julie, we repeat, will have the world on her side when she dazzles, captivates, and, if you like, becomes a Duchess. On one condition! She must

* "Lady Rose's Daughter." By Mrs. Humphry Ward. 6s. (Smith, Elder and Co.)

THE CASTLE OF MONTGOMERY.

"Ye banks and braes and streams around
The castle o' Montgomery!
Green be your woods, and fair your flowers,
Your waters never drumlie:
There Simmer first unfauld her robes,
And there the langest tarry;
For there I took the last Fareweel
O' my sweet Highland Mary."

—Highland Mary.

Photo by I. and I. R. Hood, Catrine.

A MAN'S A MAN FOR A' THAT.

From a Drawing by Marshall Brown.

"Ye see yon birkie ca'd 'a lord,'
Wha struts, an' stares, an' a' that;
Tho' hundreds worship at his word,
He's but a coof for a' that:
For a' that, an' a' that,
His ribband, star, an' a' that;
The man o' independent mind
He looks an' laughs at a' that."

(Reproduced from "The Poetical Works of Robert Burns," by kind permission of Mr. James Thin.)

not—no, really, without sinning against art and losing our interest, she never can—transform herself into a mystic sobbing soul, to be wept over, converted by looking up at the stars from the Lake of Geneva, fitted for the strawberry leaves by attendance on two sick-beds and the sudden irruption from the wings of heart-breaking tragedy. All this, frankly, we abhor.

No one dares to quote Horace in these days of School Boards. But his "Qualis ab incepto" will apply to novel-writing. I do not mean that a comic author may not call in passion, or that a tragedian must never laugh; all I say is that such a character as Julie Le Breton would have run off to Paris a dozen times sooner than once accept the worthy Delafield, with his atrocious Hebrew name Jacob, on any terms whatsoever. The woman who does this thing is some one else, not even Julie's ghost. A convincing proof will be found in the last chapter. Between pages draped in mourning we stumble upon three or four which bring back with a gasp the actors in Lady Henry's *entourage*, light worldly persons in whose company we have smiled. The discord is appalling. They hurry out again; we drive them out; we are on our way to sick-rooms and funerals, where they must not appear or be thought of. Since her maid of all work is to triumph over the she-tyrant—and *that* is poetical justice—every *convenance* demands unmixed gaiety of scene and surroundings. Comedy it began, comedy it must finish, "Qualis ab incepto!"

Why does it not? Because, as Goethe said, "The English are pedants." Because John Bull must moralise. Because there was a "Robert Elsmere," who walks by night and "with his Etre Suprême"—yes, these are reasons, but to artist or critic not sound ones. Now let us be honest—within limits. Personally, this reviewer believes that the pen which drew Julie as an unregenerate, amusing Becky Sharp, loses point and edge when it touches the Dantean mysteries of a spirit struggling towards certain heights, not here to be named. The Catholic religion, the aspirations of St. Francis—these are not so much embroidery, to be bought by the yard, stitched on to a society canvas, and hung up in Lady Henry's reception-room. Read, by way of testing this appliqué work, any chapter of poor afflicted Angela da Foligno, a few letters of St. Catharine of Siena, or St. Theresa's Life written by herself; then you will mark the difference between a literature which is, at best, second-hand psychology, and the genuine record of saintly experience. There is just now an affectation of putting sacred things on the stage. It has been suddenly discovered that the green-room wants replenishing; and, from the shepherds of Bethlehem to the friars of Assisi, all picturesque Catholics are laid under contribution. Carnival, masquerade, Bartholomew Fair! Some, moreover, not satisfied with our old clothes, would like to know how we feel in them; hence the copious borrowing from our spiritual library. Against men of Delafield's make, earnest reformers intent on finding out the secret of St. Francis, I have not a word to say, though their name were a thousand times Jacob. But if any one dreams that by literary craft and skill a Robert Elsmere can be turned into a medieval saint, or vice versa, that person has a faith in the miraculous which is more (and less) than Christian. Thus, then, I conclude. The first hundred and fifty pages of "Lady Rose's Daughter" are excellent comedy; chapter eighteen would have drawn praise from George Sand, whose manner is admirably caught in it; the rest is a selection of passages from a commonplace book, fitted on to an Englishman who does not understand St. Francis, and a woman who has ceased to be Mademoiselle de l'Espinasse.

William Barry.

M. ZOLA'S LAST NOVEL.*

"Vérité" is not only the last but the longest of M. Zola's many long books. It comes third in what was intended to be a series of four—"Fécondité," "Travail," "Vérité," "Justice"—each of which should expose some existing evil in the national life of France, and preach its cure by the virtue named on the title-page. But I gather that the final volume, "Justice," was not even begun at the time of M. Zola's sudden and lamentable death. One read in the newspapers at the time that the enemies he had made by his attitude in the Dreyfus affair openly exulted over his asphyxiation. If "Vérité" had been in their hands at the time, they might have detected in his death the swift vengeance of Heaven.

For "Vérité" is simply the Dreyfus case retold from M. Zola's point of belief, with a different crime for the basis of the plot, and altered names for the *dramatis personæ*. The crime is the murder of a schoolboy in a small provincial town; the innocent accused is a Jew schoolmaster; and the villain of the piece is not the French military ring, but the clerical party which backed the Generals against Dreyfus. In this story the Church and the Army change places—or rather, the Army almost disappears in the background, while the Roman Catholic priesthood steps into the front place of ignominy. M. Zola's is indeed a tremendous attack, delivered, I cannot say with what amount of justice, but with unquestionable courage, and sustained by a passionate conviction which sweeps the reader through its long and complicated story, and makes this by far the most animated of all M. Zola's later works. And the honesty of the conviction seems to me as apparent as its passion and its courage.

As for the truth of the charge, I lifted a humble voice at the time of the Rennes trial to say that if, on the one side, the Generals and the priests in France were resorting to the vilest methods of frustrating truth, we in England could form no trustworthy judgment on the merits of the case while our newspapers, taking the other side, were with common consent garbling the evidence for all they were worth. To

* "Truth (Vérité)." By Emile Zola. Translated by Ernest Alfred Vizetelly. (Chatto and Windus.)

pervert truth in the cause of truth may be for the moment effective against opponents who are perverting it in the interest of falsehood; but such counterstrokes postpone, if they do not quite annul, the final victory. So while M. Zola unfolds his case I am impressed by his passionate conviction, but cannot help remembering that on our side of the Channel the Generals' case against Dreyfus not only never obtained a hearing, but was subjected to daily falsifications almost as flagrant as those against which M. Zola inveighs. Also, making all allowance for the fine organisation of the Roman Catholic priesthood, I am not entirely convinced by the "conspiracy" in this story. Large bodies of men are not clever enough for conspiracies—they take more naturally to stampedes; and an aptness to believe in conspiracies seldom goes with complete mental health either in the individual or in the body politic. We have recently had too much of this kind of thing in France and in England. There was (we were told) a military conspiracy against Dreyfus, a Jew conspiracy to vindicate him, a conspiracy to annex the Boer republics, a Boer conspiracy to drive us into the sea; and each of these conspiracies, in my humble opinion, merely spelt "the jumps."

Many reasons oblige me to discuss this book of M. Zola's politically. To begin with, it is a political book. Secondly I have only Mr. Vizetelly's English version by me, which as literature is naught, but seems to reproduce after a fashion M. Zola's well known style. It was a style devoid of grace. His stories towards the end dispensed with all art in the telling, and came to rely entirely on the reiteration of the thesis, the accumulation of masses of unselected evidence, and the thumping of these upon the reader's brain. Of "Vérité" as a story one can only say that M. Zola, writing with the fervour of one who has gone through fire for his beliefs, makes it hugely impressive. But the book as a deliberate arraignment of the Roman Catholic priesthood raises questions which no novel can settle. They are questions deeply interesting to Englishmen just now, who have been forced to consider the influence of priesthood upon education. That influence in France M. Zola portrays as utterly hideous. He writes as a French Liberal; and if we eliminate differences between the two nations and the two priesthoods; if we go further and eliminate the special iniquities of the case he presents; there yet remains a conviction which French and English Liberals hold in common—that priestly teaching is to be distrusted, not on account of any one article of faith, or of any two or three, it may enforce upon the young, but generally because it discourages inquiry, it identifies the protection of the faith with the defence of consecrated social evils, it distrusts the free mind of man, it fights for professional ends, it prefers darkness to any form of light but its own, and—worst of all perhaps—it persecutes unscrupulously and with readiness when opposed. The clericals will have it that we hate their creeds. We do nothing of the sort; we hate rather their whole habit of mind.

Mr. Vizetelly in his preface reminds us that this is the last of a long series of M. Zola's books to which he has ministered as translator.

"And now that I am about to lay down my pen, that I see a whole period of my life closing, I think it only right to express my gratitude to all whose support has helped me to accomplish my self-chosen task. . . . My good friend once remarked to me that it was a great honour and privilege to be, if only for one single hour, the spokesman of one's generation. I feel that the great honour and privi-

THE BRAW WOOER.

From a Drawing by Marshall Brown.

"He beggèd for gude-sake, I wad be his wife,
Or else I wad kill him wi' sorrow;
So e'en to preserve the poor body in life,
I think I maun wed him to-morrow, to-morrow;
I think I maun wed him to-morrow."

(Reproduced from "The Poetical Works of Robert Burns," by kind permission of Mr. James Thin.)

TAM GLEN.

From a Drawing by Marshall Brown.

"My heart is a breaking, dear Tittie,
Some counsel unto me come len',
To anger them a' is a pity,
But what will I do wi' Tam Glen?"

(Reproduced from "The Poetical Works of Robert Burns," by kind permission of Mr. James Thin.)

HALLOWE'EN.

From a Drawing by Marshall Brown.

'In order, on the clean hearthstane,
The 'luggies' three are ranged,
And every time great care is ta'en,
To see them duly changed."

(Reproduced from "The Poetical Works of Robert Burns," by kind permission of Mr. James Thin.)

ROBERT BURNS, 1787.

From a Silhouette by J. Miers in the Scottish National Portrait Gallery.

When Burns was in Edinburgh he sat for his likeness to an artist, J. Miers, who professed to execute silhouettes at a two-minutes' sitting. Burns availed himself of the opportunity of obtaining some portraits of himself to distribute among his intimate friends.

(Reproduced from the Centenary Edition of "The Poetry of Burns," by kind permission of Messrs. T. C. and E. C. Jack.)

lege of my life will consist in having been—imperfectly no doubt, yet not, I hope, without some fidelity—his spokesman for ten years among many thousands of my race."

The loyalty of the Vizetellys to M. Zola, and the persecutions they have suffered for it, would make a curious foot-note to a Literary History of our Own Times.

A. T. QUILLER-COUCH.

THE GOWRIE CONSPIRACY.*

It is rather remarkable that in the autumn of 1901 two works by two Scotsmen were published, each of which dealt with the Queen of Scots and the problem of the Casket Letters; and that this winter other two works by the same two Scotsmen have been published, each of which treats of the Gowrie Conspiracy; and yet there is no reason to suppose that there has been any collusion or pre-arrangement between the writers. Beyond this double coincidence, and their plans of Gowrie House, Mr. Lang and Mr. Cowan have not much in common. Their respective standpoints are very different; so are their opinions and their power and mode of expressing them. In some respects, indeed, there could hardly be a greater contrast between works on the same subject. An estimate of Mr. Lang's "Gowrie Mystery" has already appeared in these columns, and its rival may now be briefly glanced at.

* "The Gowrie Conspiracy and its Official Narrative." By Samuel Cowan, J.P. 10s. 6d. net. (Sampson Low, Marston and Co., Ltd.)

ROBERT BURNS, 1786.

From the Painting by Peter Taylor, kindly lent to the Scottish National Portrait Gallery by Mr. W. A. Taylor.

This portrait was unknown to the public until 1829. It represents the poet with a somewhat more aquiline countenance than is apparent from his other portraits, and is supposed to bear a striking resemblance to his brother Gilbert. Burns is supposed to have given the artist three sittings.

(Reproduced from the Centenary Edition of "The Poetry of Burns," by kind permission of Messrs. T. C. and E. C. Jack.)

Mr. Cowan's book, being beautifully printed on thick paper and tastefully bound, forms a handsome volume; and has been inspired by the laudable desire to vindicate the memory of two men whom the author regards as the innocent victims of a deliberate conspiracy; but little else can be said in its praise, for the performance lags a long way behind the motive which prompted it. He was unable, of course, to avail himself of the fresh material brought forward by Mr. Lang, save in so far as that had been foreshadowed in an article in *Blackwood;* and of the more important material previously known, he has made very sparing use. He says, however, that he has endeavoured "to throw some additional light on the subject, derived from a careful research in the State Paper offices and in other collections;" but, in another passage, he belittles the result, by declaring that, regarding the formation of the conspiracy, "there is nothing in the State Paper offices, either for or against, that is of any value." He has given extracts (avowedly modernised) from several of the letters written to Cecil by Nicolson, who was at that time Elizabeth's representative in Scotland. One of these, the letter of 11th August, 1600, is a long and interesting document; but Mr. Cowan has not only modernised the spelling, he has altered the phraseology, and ignored a considerable portion. In another of the letters, Nicolson is made to say that "Mr. Wm. Rhynd, the pedagogue, hath been extremely *bullied*, but confesseth nothing against the Earl or his brother." On turning to the summary of the same letter in Thorpe's Calendar, it is found that Rhynd had been more than bullied; he had been "extremely booted," that is, tortured in the boots! Mr. Cowan would indeed drive a record scholar to despair. He professes to "reproduce the King's narrative"; but, instead of reproducing that well-known document, he merely gives a summary; and in that summary he has interjected—without any distinguishing mark or note—statements which are not in the original. It must not be supposed that he has done this in bad faith. The simple explanation seems to be that he has no sense of historical accuracy.

CLARINDA.

"But to see her was to love her;
Love but her, and love for ever.
Had we never lov'd sae kindly,
Had we never lov'd sae blindly,
Never met—or never parted,
We had ne'er been broken-hearted."
—Parting Song to Clarinda.

(Reproduced by kind permission of Mr. James Thin.)

From the repositories of the Literary and Antiquarian Society of Perth, a society founded in 1784, he has extracted and "slightly condensed" four papers on the conspiracy. The writers of these papers had no pre-eminent qualifications for the task, and no special advantages beyond their knowledge of Perth traditions, and the traditions were then much too old to be at all reliable. Besides, Mr. Cowan confesses to a belief that these papers have already "been privately published," although "this is the first time that some of them have really been put within reach of the public." The one to which the place of honour has been assigned is by the Rev. James Scott, and that writer published it so long ago as 1818, and in a form so enlarged that, in bulk, it considerably exceeds the volume now under review.

In Mr. Cowan's opinion, the Gowrie conspiracy "was evidently a plot by a royal personage against a subject," and was "conceived without ingenuity and executed without

skill"; and to him there is "no room for doubt" as to who was its author. The object of the King, however, he declares to be "a great mystery, and seems to convey the impression that he believed Gowrie was a competitor for the English throne." Theories like calumnies die hard, otherwise it might have been supposed that Maidment had, in 1831, for ever destroyed the figment of Gowrie's descent from Queen Margaret.

A much better case might easily have been made for the Ruthvens; and Mr. Cowan's failure to make the most of the evidence at his disposal emphasises the need of something more than conviction and enthusiasm, and suggests that it may be grossly unfair to the victims to lay much stress on the weakness of the contemporary apology.

D. Hay Fleming.

GEORGIAN LONDON.*

Sir Walter Besant's posthumous work on London in the eighteenth century is issued in a handsome quarto volume of great bulk, with a frontispiece portrait of the author, and a large number of very interesting photogravure and other illustrations. The letterpress consists, in effect, of a vast scrapbook of notes and materials for a finished synthesis or survey of eighteenth century London, which might in many respects have rivalled that compiled by John Stowe during the closing years of the sixteenth century. In intrinsic importance it can of course make no pretence to rank with Stowe. For Stowe's work is essentially a contemporary record, and one, moreover, in which a great amount of material of an absolutely unique character is providentially preserved. In its original design the present work is no more than a portico to the survey of London in the nineteenth century with which it was Sir Walter Besant's ambition to present the world. The contents of the present volume may be classified under the following heads:—First, historical, dealing with the manner in which the City was affected by salient incidents in the history of the period, such as the great storm of 1703, the accession of George I., the South Sea Bubble, and the Rebellion of 1745. Secondly, we have some account of the aspects of the City and its thoroughfares. The state of the Church in London, the hospitals, and the Dissenters, are also briefly considered. Appended to this we have a chapter on the libraries of London of no particular interest or value, and a very curious and entertaining chapter on the superstitions of the period. We have searched it in vain, however, for a superstition so monstrous as one by which the twentieth century has already been signalised. The credulity of the believers in Muggleton and the French prophets pales before that of those who pinned their faith to the Messiahship of Mr. Piggott. The Philadelphians, by the way, were not the followers of a Dr. John Perdage, but of the well-known Behmenist, astrologer, and mystic, Dr. Pordage. In reading of all these aberrations it is as well that the reader should keep well in his mind the fact that the eighteenth century was pre-eminently, we will not say a sober, but a common-sense century, and that in nearly every kind of extravagance, except in regard to eating and drinking, the nineteenth century beats it hollow.

The next section of Sir Walter's book deals briefly with the government, politics, and trades of the Metropolis. Manners and customs, society and amusements, occupy rather more than a third of the work. The ambition, the daily life, the dress, the food, the drink, the doctors, the clubs, and the amusements of the eighteenth century cit are all very graphically described. Amusements did not, we gather, occupy such a large space in the life of the frugal paterfamilias of those days as they do at present. The City man in those days lived in the City. Of art or literature he knew nothing, the opera was beyond him, and the theatre he cared nothing about. In the summer a drive to Tottenham or Walthamstow, we might add Edmonton, or possibly even as far as Ware. The chapters on indigence, on the riverside with its low taverns and crimps, and on the craftsmen and the cost of living, give many particulars of value. The subject of the position of women has been treated in a much more thoroughgoing manner by George Paston in her eighteenth century studies. Such a generalisation as that girls' schools were chiefly kept by ex-ladies' maids is surely very much too sweeping. The subject of the amusements of the eighteenth century is a track so well worn that it would be unreasonable to look for much novelty in treatment. We are surprised, however, to find no reference to cricket, of which Mr. Waghorn has given us detailed records as far back as 1734. In the preliminary

* "London in the Eighteenth Century." By Sir Walter Besant. 30s. net. (Adam and Charles Black.)

ROBERT BURNS.

From a Silhouette in the possession of G. Burns Begg, Esq., Motherwell, by special permission of the owner.

"Dear Bard and Brother! let who may
Against thy faults be railing,
(Though far, I pray, from us be they
That never had a failing!)
One toast I'll give, and that not long,
Which thou wouldst pledge if present,—
To him whose song, in nature strong,
Makes man of prince and peasant!"

—J. R. Lowell.

(Reproduced from the Centenary Edition of "The Poetry of Burns," by kind permission of Messrs. T. C. and E. C. Jack.)

ROBERT BURNS, 1824.

From an original Painting by Alexander Nasmyth in the possession of Miss Cathcart, Auchendrane, and inserted in our issue by special permission of the owner.

Nasmyth executed two copies of his original painting of Burns, one for George Thomson, which was later touched up by Sir Henry Raeburn, and is now in the National Portrait Gallery, and another for Mr. Elias Cathcart, which has since remained in the possession of his family.

(Reproduced from the Centenary Edition of "The Poetry of Burns," by kind permission of Messrs. T. C. and E. C. Jack.)

SOMEBODY!
From a Drawing by C. Martin Hardie, R.S.A.

"My heart is sair, I dare na tell,
My heart is sair for Somebody;
I could wake a winter-night
For the sake o' Somebody.
Oh-hon! for Somebody!
Oh-hey! for Somebody!
I could range the world around,
For the sake o' Somebody!"

(Reproduced from the "Poetical Works of Robert Burns," by kind permission of Messrs. W. and R. Chambers, Ltd.)

and somewhat perfunctory list of authorities we notice a mention of Worth. Can this be a reference to Mr. Warwick Wroth's book on the pleasure gardens of the eighteenth century, a work which certainly deserves a rather more adequate recognition? We come finally to the picturesque human background of all eighteenth century vignettes, a London mob, together with the grim yet burlesque apparatus of justice by which it was sought to control it. The chapters on the police, on prisons, and on Tyburn, are among the longest, and certainly the most interesting in the book. The description of the debtor's prison, as of the march to Tyburn, is a kind of writing in which the author of "The Chaplain of the Fleet" pointedly excels. His natural gift for picturesque composition makes him rather too prone to take a Dickensian view of the eighteenth century as a period of gross brutality and bacchanalian licence. An almost exclusive contemplation of the lurid patches in the landscape misled Dickens into a conception of the Georgian period which is almost as erroneous as his caricature of Chesterfield in the Mr. Chester of Barnaby Rudge. To regard the pictorial satires of Hogarth as photographs of eighteenth century society is in fact almost as absurd as would be an attempt to reconstruct Victorian England from the sketches of Cynicus. To accept such a one-sided picture, even for an instant, is to abandon all faith in the fidelity of such painters as William Cowper and Jane Austen, and to characterise all their writings as mere arabesques—which were manifestly absurd. There is a good account of the coffee-houses, clubs, and gambling places of the period; but the statement that "City people did not gamble" surely requires a little qualification when we call to mind the South Sea Bubble and the constant gambling in East India Stock, to which the cautious Swift makes such keen references in his "Journal." As a pictorial record of the century the present work, we venture to predict, will take rank with the parallel work on social France from 1713 to 1789, by Paul Lacroix. It is assuredly a delightful book to lose oneself in, and so to think one's way back into a simpler and perhaps, after all, a merrier England.

Thomas Seccombe.

SHAKESPEARE'S CHURCH.*

The merit of this book is its thoroughness; its fault, the assumption of knowledge on the part of the reader which that reader lacks as a rule. It is, as the writer says, a good thing to have the descriptions of ornaments and vestments taken direct from the contemporary records, but the pages containing those lists are certainly not entertaining, nor are the many pages of blazonry, nor even the chapter which should be devoted to a straightforward account of the church and its history. The style, in short, is the antiquary's, which, though extensive in one direction, is usually extraordinarily limited when there are such simple things to be said as a child might want to say, or such simple questions to answer as the man in the street might ask. The author, as we have said, has made the reading of this volume no very easy matter, and it may save the reader some trouble to have the following digest of its main points.

The fact of its being a collegiate church proves the importance of Stratford in olden days, and that it came under the Act which abolished guilds and chantries: "the sweeping and iniquitous Act which brought the citizens to the very verge of ruin." The writer here quoted is speaking of Coventry, then a cathedral town, but all England told the same tale, and it follows, giving 1545 as the date of that Act, that there had been terrible changes in Stratford not long before Shakespeare's time, changes of which one obtains an idea from histories of other towns, and from such popular books as Dr. Jessop's "Before the Great Pillage." We are here on the fringe of a subject to be avoided while dealing only with architectural matter, but are brought to it naturally by the fact of there having been chantry and guild chapel here. One gets only gradually to appreciate at its true value the importance of the guilds to the people of the Middle Ages. For one thing they were the main supports of the drama, such as it was, and the guildsmen the only people able to see to the production of plays; but, besides that, they were "benefit clubs, savings banks, social unions, and, like every other association in the Middle Ages, were also religious bodies"; the fact of their being religious making it possible to give them the benefit of the most inhumanly brutal Act that has passed into law in this land. They seem, speaking roughly, to fall into three classes: merchant guilds, craft guilds, and a variety of others which were primarily eleemosynary. Under that Act, the chantry and guild would go, and as for the church itself, the endowment would go, and it would be despoiled of every valuable that could under any pretence be described as offensive to the new God. To readers of my way of thinking the traces of these distinctive features will be as interesting as anything here. In the south aisle, when it was built (c. 1332), was established St. Thomas' Chantry. In the north, of somewhat earlier date, were the altars of the three guilds, devoted respectively to St. Mary, St. John, and the Holy Rood. Later, these three were united under the name of "The Guild of the Holy Cross," and on the plan we have here the parclose includes them all. Why this guild should have wanted two chapels, one here, and one in the town, is not made perfectly clear, but provision, it seems, had been made for the erection of an entirely new building, and in course of time it was built. The style of this later building is Perpendicular, like that of the church. The paintings which covered its walls were discovered in 1802, and must have formed a particularly interesting series. They have since been covered again, and now can only be studied from copies.

Because the church itself is not very specially interesting, though beautiful seen from a distance, one is inclined to direct attention to these accidental features especially. E. R.

* "Shakespeare's Church, Stratford-upon-Avon." By T. Harvey Bloom, M.A. 7s. 6d. net. (Fisher Unwin.)

AUGUSTUS.*

Augustus is beyond question the figure which holds the largest place in human history. As an unknown lad of nineteen he found himself heir to the man whose name, though his own tenure of power was precarious and brief, is still the title of supreme authority in two great empires. Cicero's opinion about him was that he should be "complimented, distinguished—and extinguished" (*laudandum, ornandum, tollendum*), and the epigram was, perhaps, as fatal to its author even as the Second Philippic, while the stripling whom he despised thirteen years later occupied a position the greatness of which is best illustrated by the memorable phrase of St. Luke, "there went out a decree from Cæsar Augustus that all the world should be taxed." That position he maintained for forty-five years, presenting in his single person the sure security for order and peace, so that to his own age he appeared almost a god, and left to his successors an empire so firmly founded and so solidly built that it took centuries to overthrow. Neither before nor since has any man done work more massive or more monumental, and it was done in silence. Horace's phrase, *Est et fideli tuta silentio Merces*, represents a Greek quotation which was often on the Emperor's lips and the maxim of his government. No prince was ever more an enemy to parade. He did, no doubt, encourage poets to sing his praises, and allow cities to erect altars to "his Genius," but he only used such devices as convenient aids to authority. At Rome and to those who came in contact with him he never played the hero, and neither in his public policy nor his personal conduct was there anything theatrical. He wore homespun, lodged modestly, and fared frugally; he liked a chat, a joke, or a game at dice for small stakes on holidays. Having a task to perform, the magnitude of which it is hard to overestimate, he set about it and went on with it even to the end, being content on his death-bed to ask his friends "whether they thought he had played life's comedy (*vitæ mimum*) fairly well." A few months earlier he had, it is true, composed a record of his achievements (known from the place where a copy was discovered as the *monumentum Ancyranun*) which has been criticised as lacking dignity and indicating conceit, yet surely a man who has done great things may be allowed in his last days some little regard for fame, and some little satisfaction even in registering his distinctions; nor is Mommsen just when he speaks of this record as written by one *qui magni viri personam gessit ipse non magnus*, for, if work done be any measure of greatness, to say that Augustus was not great is to belie facts, while throughout his career, so far from "donning the mask of a great man," he deliberately disguised his capacity and power.

Being such as he was his life affords little scope to the biographer. The very prudence of his policy makes it unattractive, while all the circumstances of his life tended to confirm his natural caution and reserve. After he became sole ruler it is but rarely that we catch a glimpse of the man behind the prince. That he had strong affections seems proved by his life-long affection for his wife, and there is a real tenderness in that letter to his grandson, written on his own sixty-third birthday, September 23, A.D. 1, which begins "Good day to you, Gaius, apple of my eye," while, could we but lift the curtain, the doom of death or dishonour which pursued every being of his blood might furnish materials for a tragedy, but no imperial archives have ever revealed the secrets of the palace, and for the most part the personality of Augustus evades our grasp. "The heart of kings is unsearchable," says a Proverb, and it certainly was so with the founder of "Cæsarism," so that his biography practically merges into a public history of the years 63 B.C.—14 A.D. But to write the full history of those years, pregnant as they were with supreme issues, is a task of the first magnitude, nor can either Mr. Shuckburgh or Mr. Firth be said to have attempted it. They both indeed considerably exceed the measure of an essay, but, on the other hand, they do not enter on that elaborate examination of the period which would be required to make a standard book of reference or a work of permanent authority. The aim of the writers seems to be to satisfy those who wish to get a reasonable and intelligent grasp of the history of a great epoch and a great man. For such readers they provide ample but not excessive information, expressed in admirably clear language, while their criticism throughout, both on persons and events, seems sober and just, nor have they spared pains or research in the execution of their task. Probably Mr. Shuckburgh's work is the more mature and scholarly, but it is an invidious task to compare two books so similar in matter and treatment, either of which, until the other appeared, might have claimed to be the only English biography of Augustus.

T. E. Page.

AULD LANG SYNE.
From a Drawing by C. Martin Hardie, R.S.A.
"We twa hae paidl'd in the burn
Frae morning sun till dine:
But seas between us braid hae roar'd
Sin' auld lang syne."
(Reproduced from the "Poetical Works of Robert Burns," by kind permission of Messrs. W. and R. Chambers, Ltd.)

* "Augustus." By E. S. Shuckburgh, Litt.D. pp. 318. 16s. (T. Fisher Unwin.)
"Augustus Cæsar." By J. B. Firth, B.A. "Heroes of the Nations" Series. pp. 371. 6s. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, London and New York.)

RIDER HAGGARD'S NEW ROMANCE.*

Perhaps it would seem rather like going to an extreme if we adapted Goldsmith's epitaph for Burke and said that, of late, Mr. Rider Haggard had been giving up to realities what was meant for romance, yet the saying of it would at least serve to express our gratification at seeing him turn from "A Farmer's Year" and "Rural England," able and serviceable books as they were, to put his hand again to what we have come to regard as his own work; and here, in "Pearl Maiden," he has written what is in many respects one of the strongest and best of the many romances we owe to him. He is at no great pains to give the phraseology

* "Pearl Maiden." By H. Rider Haggard. 6s. (Longmans.)

HOLY WILLIE.

From an Etching by William Hole, R.S.A.

"Yet I am here a chosen sample,
To show Thy grace is great and ample;
I'm here a pillar o' Thy temple,
Strong as a rock,
A guide, a buckler, and example,
To a' Thy flock."

(Reproduced from the Centenary Edition of "The Poetry of Burns," by kind permission of Messrs. T. C. and E. C. Jack.)

of his old-world peoples anything much in the way of an archaic tang, but who is going to decide that this is an artistic blemish? Even if it is, Mr. Haggard has the example of the highest authority to excuse him, and may feel that in such matters it were better to go wrong with Shakespeare than right with—let us say Croly. At all events, his characters are alive, and human; he has reproduced the mingled culture and barbarism of his period with brilliant picturesqueness, and has recaptured much of its very spirit and atmosphere, which is an infinitely rarer thing than if he had laboriously caught the mere local turns and tricks of speech of his Roman and Jewish peoples, and let the rest, or any of the rest, go.

The story opens before the birth of its heroine, with Rachel, her mother, and Nehushta, the mother's and, later, the daughter's faithful attendant, prisoners at Cæsarea, on the coast of Syria; they are Christian converts destined to be thrown with others to the lions in the arena when, to-morrow, Herod Agrippa, "King of all Palestine, by grace of the Romans," celebrates a festival in honour of the Emperor Claudius. In the panic that follows on the sudden, tragic illness of Herod at the beginning of the festival, Rachel and Nehushta, like others of the prisoners just driven into the arena, manage to escape. By the cunning and courage of Nehushta they contrive to get out of the city aboard a Phœnician merchant galley bound for Alexandria, but are wrecked at sea, and on the castaway ship, deserted by all its crew, Miriam, the "Pearl Maiden," is born. With her parting breath Rachel entrusts the child to Nehushta, and wills that when she is old enough she shall be told that it was her mother's dying wish that she should marry no man who is not a Christian.

One foresees the possibilities of such a charge, and when Miriam is, at length, told of it her tenderness for the mother she has never known, and her high ideal of Christian duty, make her resolute to obey it. She is loved passionately by Caleb the Jew, who had been the playmate of her childhood, but has nothing but a friendly regard for him, which he forfeits by his own baseness, and regains with interest by giving his life, for love of her, to save the life of the rival he hated and had betrayed. She is loved, too, by Marcus the Roman, and him she loves but refuses to marry, because he is not a Christian. He offers to become a Christian for her sake, but this she will not have; his conversion after this offer must, in ordinary circumstances, have smacked of hypocrisy, and with admirable skill Mr. Haggard finds a way out of that difficulty to a happiness that had seemed beyond attainment.

Miriam's upbringing among the quaint, celibate order of the Essenes, of which her uncle is a member, is perfectly idyllic; and the perils through which she passes before, during and after the siege and fall of Jerusalem, make absorbingly interesting reading. Mr. Haggard's fights are described vividly and with Homeric lustiness; nothing he has done in this kind excels the fiery pictures he gives here of the battles and incalculable slaughter and ruin that culminated in the destruction of the Holy City; his style has notably matured, and the whole book is written with that large ease and sureness of touch that come of care and ripe experience, though not of these only.

A. ST. JOHN ADCOCK.

"SAVED FROM THE WATERS."*

Though Mr. Wolford Wood's volume of verse extends but to seventy pages, it nevertheless supplies a basis on which may be raised no inconsiderable hope for the future. In the first place, the author has that literary accomplishment without which all other poetic gifts are vain: a style which is his own—not borrowed from one of the reigning poets of the period—and which suffices to give to his visions and emotions clear and melodious expression. This in itself is much, but he has other gifts and qualities as well. Of these the first is perfect sincerity; with which are associated a deep sympathy with Nature, a healthy, manly, and occasionally joyous tone, and a note of passion which (if not of the strongest) is at least invariably pure. To see such attributes as these—the attributes, as I am informed, of a young man of twenty—grow to their full development were, to all who take interest in contemporary verse, a consummation much to be desired. In the meantime, enough has been said already to show that Mr. Wood's little book is not one of promise only. Perhaps the most beautiful poem contained in it is an elaboration of a phrase of Sappho's, quoted by Aristotle in his "Rhetoric," "Evil it is to die,"—on which the author varies throughout some seven or eight pages, dwelling with a surpassing grace and tenderness on all that endears this mortal life to the loving and sensitive heart of a poet.

To scarcely less advantage is Mr. Wood's talent seen in his more *objective* (which are also his more familiar) moods. At such times it is generally employed in studying lonely scenes in Nature, and in interpreting their character. But his art invariably restrains him from falling into the odious literary vice of "word-painting," made especially distasteful to the present generation by the excesses of the late Mr. William Black. It is true that a possible exception to this rule occurs on page 26, in the poem entitled "Dawn from Loch-Earnhead"; in other cases Mr. Wood is content to render the characteristic features and the spirit of a landscape without attempting to paint a picture after the manner of an artist of the brush. Less successful than his nature-studies are his poems of more immediate human interest, such as, for instance, "The Pool of Bethsaida" and "The Happy Isle." I hope, however, that I have said enough to show that, small as it is, the book has the strength necessary to find a place in the affections of a sympathetic reader, and to convey a

* "Saved from the Waters." By Wolford Wood. (London: Simpkin; Oxford: B. H. Blackwell.)

pleasing and endearing idea of the author's talent and personality. The wistful sweetness of the following rondeau will recall Ronsard to the reader's memory:—

It might have been. Dear heart, I fain
Would banish from my throbbing brain
Thoughts of what might have been. But oh!
From out the Past thy soft eyes glow,
And charm remembrance back again.

Yes, though my hopes have all proved vain,
Still thoughts of thee with me remain,
And ah! had Fate but willed it so,
It might have been.

We might have lived and died,—we twain,—
One life; one death; we might have lain
In one grave side by side. And though
You cut the love-knot long ago,
I still repeat the fond refrain:
"It might have been."

GEORGE DOUGLAS.

SIR LESLIE STEPHEN'S STUDIES OF A BIOGRAPHER.*

It is somewhat remarkable that when we hear of persons or things being criticised it always seems to be implied that fault is being found with them. If criticism really denoted the art of censure, it would be hard to exercise it upon Sir Leslie Stephen, who may be read page after page without the discovery of one opinion from which a well-informed and fair-minded reader can easily disagree. Apart from the special position which age and experience have conferred upon Sir Leslie as *judicio Pylius*, this peculiar impregnability may be regarded as resulting from the union in his person of two endowments not invariably combined, sanity and comprehensiveness. The critic whose especial note is sanity will often reveal a blind side when his gaze is turned towards a writer of exceptional temperament, and the steadiness of the liberal critic's view is not always proportional to its breadth. Nothing is more remarkable in Sir Leslie Stephen than the union in him of masculine sense with the widest catholicity. Taking his labours in the Dictionary of National Biography along with his estimates of philosophical writers and his more strictly critical essays, the number of authors who have passed under his review is extraordinary, but not one can be named whom he has shown any constitutional disqualification for apprehending. This will appear much when it is remembered how often the ablest critics have not merely casually but fundamentally erred in their judgments, especially of contemporaries. Matthew Arnold is in many respects a more finely endowed critic than Sir Leslie Stephen; but when he is unaided by the "securus judicat orbis terrarum," his judgments are as likely to be wrong as right. Sir Leslie Stephen never strays, though allowance must of course be made for the bias which innate temperament imprints upon the most impartial mind. This is perhaps most visible in his more instinctive appreciation of the massive commonsense of a Johnson than of the mystic poetry of an Emerson. These are extreme instances, but when Sir Leslie is treating of a writer of transcendent genius like Milton or Ruskin, whose very prose is the precipitate of his poetry, he seems to turn by preference to the more homely qualities of his mind, the intellectual and more especially the ethical, than to the inspiration which defies analysis.

There is one most useful office for which Sir Leslie Stephen's cast of mind especially adapts him, the protection of a writer who, without fault of his own, is suffering, or is likely to suffer, from the vicissitudes of popular taste. Anthony Trollope affords such an example, and Louis Stevenson seems about to afford another. In reality the works of these distinguished men are not less admirable than their immediate contemporaries thought them; but from the inevitable changes of manners and modes of thought they are inevitably in less intimate relation with the world around them than of old, and this is unjustly treated as a fault of the writers. In fact, however, though this is a good reason for their being less read than formerly, it is none for their being less admired when they are read. In his view of Trollope Sir Leslie Stephen leans perhaps a little to the advocate's part; in his view of Stevenson a little to the censor's; but in either case the impression is conveyed of a substantial claim to reputation which no fluctuations of taste can annul. The same mental habit renders Sir Leslie Stephen particularly successful in dealing with demi-geniuses like Southey and Godwin, often more interesting psychologically than the greater men, and needing an even more sympathetic treatment.

Among chapters of special interest in these volumes we may name the just and luminous exposition of Shakespeare's attitude towards ordinary human life; and the anxiously equitable discussion, *à propos* of the Browning letters, of the justifiableness of the publication of private correspondence on delicate subjects. A similar question arises in the course of the essay on Froude, whose apparent breach of trust towards Carlyle is extenuated as the consequence of a mode of thought which he had imbibed from Carlyle himself. We cannot deem the apology very convincing; in justice to Froude, however, it should be known that he had another, conveyed in an elaborate letter to Mr. Alexander Ireland, which was sold at the dispersion of the latter's manuscripts. It would be desirable that this letter should be recovered, and made, if possible, an exception to the general prohibition of the publication of Mr. Froude's correspondence.

RICHARD GARNETT.

* "Studies of a Biographer." By Leslie Stephen. (Second Series.) Vols. 3 and 4. 12s. (Duckworth and Co.)

BONIE JEAN AND GRANDCHILD (MRS. HUTCHINSON IN CHILDHOOD).

From a Painting by S. M'Kenzie, S.A.

Jean Armour, the wife of Robert Burns, was a country girl of the West of Scotland, remarkable for the elegance of her person and the sweetness of her voice. Her father was a master-mason in Mauchline. She survived her husband nearly eight and thirty years. The above portrait was painted during the latter period of her life, the child beside her being Sarah, the daughter of James Glencairn Burns and Bonie Jean's favourite grandchild.

Rischgitz Collection.

THE REPUBLIC OF PLATO.*

Mr. Adam's Republic has been long on the stocks, and long expected by scholars. He has already published a text

* "The Republic of Plato." Edited, with Notes, Commentary, and Appendices, by James Adam, M.A., Hon. LL.D. of Aberdeen University, Fellow and Senior Tutor of Emmanuel College, Cambridge. 2 vols. 33s. net. (Cambridge University Press.)

THE RIVER AYR, NEAR MONTGOMERY CASTLE.

Where it is joined by the Faile Water.

"That sacred hour can I forget?
Can I forget the hallowed grove,
Where, by the winding Ayr, we met,
To live one day of parting love!"
—To Mary in Heaven.

(Reproduced by kind permission of Mr. James Thin.)

ELLISLAND.

From a Painting by Sam Bough, R.S.A.

The farm where Burns lived for three years from 1788 until his removal to Dumfries in 1791.

Six miles from Dumfries, and not far from the old coach-road to Glasgow, Burns's house stood above the western bank of the Nith, which for nearly two miles forms the eastern boundary of the parish of Dunscore.

(Reproduced by kind permission of Mr. James Thin.)

of the Republic (1897) and one or two preliminary studies, an essay on Greek education, and an elucidation of the Nuptial Number, remarkable for its comparative simplicity and its consistency. And now, after many years devoted to mastering the vast literature of the subject, he has brought out two volumes of his edition, to be followed, at no distant date, we hope, by an introductory volume dealing with the MSS., with Plato's style, and at greater length than is possible in a commentary, with the subject matter. From the critic's point of view, it would have been more satisfactory to have published the whole work together. To estimate the value of his work without the introduction, would not be fair. At the same time, there is enough here to justify the edition. The text, which we have examined with care, seems to us to be an improvement upon others, in its wise conservatism. It is even more conservative than the earlier text of the same editor; and the tendency of modern discoveries has been to show that there is far less corruption in MSS. than used to be thought. We need say no more on the text now, because Mr. Adam's earlier edition is already well known to scholars. The notes in the present edition are not very full in the matter of illustration; it seems to us that they are not full enough. But in exegesis and the running commentary which accompanies the text, he is at his best: it is admirably lucid, and shows that he has thoroughly mastered the work he has undertaken to edit. No less good is the summary of conflicting views which he gives in his appendices on passages of special difficulty. The Number in particular is a matter of great difficulty, because of the extraordinary uncertainty as to what the Greek means. Here Mr. Adam examines each step with minute care, and, we think, amply justifies his rendering. We have noted a variety of topics which we should like to have spoken of, but space precludes our doing more than offer a general congratulation to the editor on an excellent piece of work, and in particular on a sound knowledge of the Greek language. He can give points to the Oxford editors, and beat them.

W. H. D. ROUSE.

THE COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT.

From a Drawing by C. Martin Hardie, R.S.A.

"At length his lonely cot appears in view,
Beneath the shelter of an aged tree;
Th' expectant wee-things, toddlin', stacher through
To meet their 'dad,' wi' flichterin' noise and glee.
His wee bit ingle blinkin' bonilie,
His clean hearth-stane, his thrifty wifie's smile,
The lisping infant, prattling on his knee,
Does a' his weary kiaugh and care beguile,
And make him quite forget his labour and his toil."

(Reproduced from the "Poetical Works of Robert Burns," by kind permission of Messrs. W. and R. Chambers, Ltd.)

COLZEAN CASTLE, WITH THE FAIRY COVES.

From a Drawing by D. O. Hill, R.S.A.

"Or for Colean the route is ta'en,
Beneath the moon's pale beams;
There, up the cove, to stray an' rove
Amang the rocks and streams
To sport that night: "—"Halloween."

(Reproduced from "The Works of Robert Burns," by kind permission of Messrs. Blackie and Son, Ltd.)

ON THE RIVER AYR, AT BARSKIMMING.

From a Drawing by D. O. Hill, R.S.A.

The lands and mansion of Barskimming are beautifully situated on the banks of the Ayr between Tarbolton and Mauchline, and came much under the notice of Burns when residing at Lochlea and Mossgiel. Reference is made to Barskimming in his poem "The Vision."

(Reproduced from "The Works of Robert Burns," by kind permission of Messrs. Blackie and Son, Ltd.)

CHARLOTTE YONGE'S LIFE-STORY.*

In a brief, comprehensive introduction, Miss Coleridge says that she fears her picture of Miss Yonge is faint and imperfect, but that though "another hand might have been more skilful—I do not think any other heart could have brought more love to the task." It was love as much as skill that was needed in the writing of such a life as this, and these pages prove abundantly that Miss Coleridge was not lacking in either.

The first three chapters of the book, covering the period of Miss Yonge's childhood, are autobiographical; Miss Coleridge takes up the story with the beginning of the fourth. It is a story of a quiet, busy, useful life, of a strong, gentle, somewhat retiring personality, none the less admirable or lovable, and certainly none the less difficult to depict, because of a certain monotony of colour in it, a grey evenness of thought and opinion, a settled consistency of calm living that the changing years never deflected into any noisy channel of excitement or momentous event. The child was "entirely the mother of the woman," writes Miss Coleridge; "what she was at fifteen, that she was, with modifications, at fifty."

The way ran smoothly for her; her literary career was free from struggle and anxiety. After trying her 'prentice hand on some few short stories and miscellaneous writings, she rose into wide and instant fame with the "Heir of Redclyffe," and thenceforward her history becomes a narrative of pleasant friendships, growing influence, and repeated successes. But fame left her unspoiled; it seems to have made no difference to her manner of living, nor to have disquieted her with much of an author's usual ambitions. Writing was more of a pleasure to her than a business, and to the end she seems to have retained her three great altruistic enthusiasms, "for parish work, especially in the form of education, both religious and secular, for missionary enterprise, and for the building of churches to meet the wants of the population."

It is a healthy education for some of us to have a life so earnest, so simple, so unpretentiously good unfolded for our seeing; it was a life that ought not to have been left unwritten, and could not have been written more adequately. There are many interesting letters and documents scattered about the book and in the appendices, and the volume is illustrated with several excellent photographs.

* "Charlotte Mary Yonge: Her Life and Letters." By Christabel Coleridge. 12s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)

TUDOR AND STUART TRACTS.*

Professor Arber's well-known and highly-prized "English Garner" is now being re-issued under the editorial supervision of Mr. Seccombe. The carefully modernised text of Professor Arber has been so scrupulously followed that an occasional mis-print of his has been adhered to. The printing is also practically identical, even to the pretty head

* "Tudor Tracts." With an Introduction by A. F. Pollard. (Constable and Co., Ltd.)
"Stuart Tracts." With an Introduction by C. H. Firth. 4s. each net. (Constable and Co., Ltd.)

THE LEA-RIG.

From a Drawing by W. D. M'Kay, R.S.A.

"When o'er the hill the eastern star
Tells bughtin time is near, my jo,
And owsen frae the furrow'd field
Return sae dowf and weary, O;
Down by the burn, where birken buds
Wi' dew are hangin' clear, my jo,
I'll meet thee on the lea-rig,
My ain kind Dearie O."

(Reproduced from the "Poetical Works of Robert Burns," by kind permission of Messrs. W. and R. Chambers, Ltd.)

LINCLUDEN ABBEY.

From an Etching by William Hole, R.S.A.

"Hark, the mavis' evening sang
Sounding Clouden's woods amang;
Then a-faulding let us gang,
My bonie Dearie.

Yonder Clouden's silent towers,
Where at moonshine midnight hours,
O'er the dewy bending flowers,
Fairies dance sae cheary."
—Ga' the Yowes to the Knowes.

(Reproduced from the Centenary Edition of "The Poetry of Burns," by kind permission of Messrs. T. C. and E. C. Jack.)

and tail pieces and the floriated initials. There are two important respects, however, in which the re-issue differs from and excels its predecessor. The tracts are re-arranged in classes; and each volume is being enriched by an introduction from the pen of a competent scholar. The twenty-one items—ranging from "The Triumph at Calais" in 1532 to the defeat of the Spanish Armada in 1588—now gathered under the title of "Tudor Tracts" are scattered through six of Professor Arber's eight original volumes. To the historical student it is no small benefit to have these brought within the compass of a single volume; and to the general reader the matter will gain rather than lose in attractiveness through the classification. Mr. Pollard, in his admirable introduction, points out that the metrical tract, "John Bon and Master Parson," was printed in 1548—not 1551, as Professor Arber supposed. But he is in error in stating that the tract on Hertford's expedition into Scotland in 1544 has only been reprinted in the "Garner." It was reproduced by Dalyell, in his "Fragments of Scotish History," in 1798; and formed one of the Goldsmid reprints in 1886. He is also wrong in supposing that the contemporary tract on the burial of the Queen of Scots in Peterborough has not been elsewhere reprinted. Pitcairn included it in his "Collections relative to the Funerals of Mary Queen of Scots," published in 1822; and it was reprinted by E. and G. Goldsmid in 1890. The sixteen Stuart tracts range from Carey's account of Queen Elizabeth's death to the mate's account of the re-taking of a ship from the French in 1692, when "one Englishman and a boy set upon seven Frenchmen, killed two of them, took the other five prisoners, and brought the ship and them safe to England." There is no lack of variety in the fourteen which intervene. Mr. Firth's introduction differs from Mr. Pollard's in dealing less with the history of the period and more with the tracts themselves, but it is also an excellent bit of work. D. HAY FLEMING.

Novel Notes.

THE BETTER SORT. By Henry James. 6s. (Methuen.)

Mr. James himself, through one of the characters of the present volume, gives an excellent definition of his own literary methods. In "The Two Faces" the heroine, speaking of the slender matter upon which a very subtle episode is woven, exclaims, "What profundities indeed then over the simplest of matters." Except that the word "simple" might be better replaced by the expression "trivial," the phrase seems to sum up in an admirable brevity all the essential qualities of Mr. James's art. For the profundities in the present collection of short stories are of an amazing truth as well as subtlety. However fine, however intricate the central scheme may be in each of them, the heart-beat of humanity is always in it. The theme may be slight, the episode fugitive, unimportant, so much chaff in the bigger issues of life, but the moment human nature is brought by Mr. James into play round it, all the profundities of modern character and emotion seem unloosed. Problems of temperament and feeling emerge at every step, and the whole complexity of civilisation unfolds through its trivial anguishes. In nearly all the stories of "The Better Sort" the idea treated is just one of those slight incidents of modern life, which behind their slightness hold so many secret and sensitive tragedies, and which may pass so easily into almost passionately disturbing consequences. "Flickerbridge" is a typical instance. The idea seems at first so impossibly exaggerated in importance—the tragedy of an invasion by an enthusiastic female journalist upon the untarnished beauty of an old-world spinster, with the breath of the unrecallable past clinging to the whole reticient, limited grace of her existence. But the idea grows—becomes moving and significative. For the American journalist, as a friend explains, "will rave about you. She'll write about you. You're Niagara before the first white travellers. . . . You'll be too weird for words, but the words will come nevertheless. You'll be in the Magazines with illustrations, in the papers with headings." Because—and in this lies the meaning of Mr. James's whole delicate problem, "we live in an age of prodigious machinery, and all organised to a single end. That end is publicity—a publicity as ferocious as the appetite of a cannibal."

GODFREY MARTEN, SCHOOLBOY. By Charles Turley. 6s. (Heinemann.)

We have been waiting some time for a successor to the late Talbot Baines Reed, and he is here, at length, in the person of Mr. Charles Turley, whose "Godfrey Marten, Schoolboy," is one of the freshest and most entertaining stories of school life that has appeared for many a long day. It may be that Mr. Turley's bully, Dobson, enjoys a certain family likeness to the good old typical bully of schoolboy fiction, but he has humour and an individuality that is quite his own. In the same way the hero, his friends and enemies, and the various schoolmasters, have each a distinct and thoroughly human personality. The book is written in an easy, lively, colloquial style, is full of incident and high spirits, and is exactly the sort of breezy, robust, amusing story whose appeal to the normal healthy boy is always irresistible.

CORNET STRONG OF IRETON'S HORSE. By Dora Greenwell McChesney. 6s. (John Lane.)

This is a story written with a strong sense of dramatic effects, and its development is always admirably kept in hand. Miss McChesney has the valuable talent of escaping digressions, and "Cornet Strong" is exciting and progressive from

start to finish. But the contrast between the plot and the manner of treating it is great. The book grapples with the bitter and relentless wars of Cavaliers and Puritans preceding Cromwell's Protectorship. The subject is essentially virile, and requires a firm grip both of the period and of the outlook and manners of fighting men. Here, however, the quality of realism seems always just missed. Not for a moment does a breath of the past seem to come back through its pages, and a highly tense and critical period re-emerge to stir again some reminiscent passions in the reader. The story, however, is well conceived, and the interest undeviatingly sustained. The love episode is slight in it, but the sketch of the Irish Royalist, finally shot as a spy by his sister's Puritan lover, is among the best character sketches in the book.

"CROPPIES LIE DOWN." By William Buckley. 6s. (Duckworth.)

We have to be thankful, in the first place, that either Mr. Buckley has never come across the modern recipe for making popular historical novels, or he is too individual to be influenced by it. "Croppies Lie Down" is no mere matter of the dress and paint and oaths of a period, with a phenomenally gallant hero galloping through an ingenious tangle of difficulties to bliss in the last chapter; it is an historical novel in the true sense of the word, and one of the most powerful that has been published for a long time past. The Ireland of the '98 rebellion lives again in its pages, vividly, convincingly, in all its hopeless welter of cruelty and corruption and anarchy. The hero, whether you give that name to Major Heathcote or to the rebel Devereux, is a manly and heroic figure, though he fails often, and is thwarted in the end, as heroes often are in this world. Irene, the heroine, for all her innocence and womanly sweetness, is no bloodless ideal, and makes no ideal marriage. The whole story is torn, as it were, living and pulsing and bleeding, out of actual life—its realism is fearlessly uncompromising up to a certain point, and reticent only where reticence is more effective and artistic. Mr. Buckley has much of the large and easy vigour of the great masters; his characters are no puppets, his incidents no stage-managed scenes designed to show a dashing hero to the best advantage. He gives us the real thing, and gives it in such fashion that nobody who reads his book will wonder at our enthusiasm.

JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO.

From an Etching by William Hole, R.S.A.

"But now your brow is beld, John,
Your locks are like the snaw;
But blessings on your frosty pow,
John Anderson, my jo."

(Reproduced from the Centenary Edition of "The Poetry of Burns," by kind permission of Messrs. T. C. and E. C. Jack.)

THE TEMPLARS. By E. H. Lacon Watson. 6s. (Arnold.)

If your taste has not been spoilt by a too free indulgence in the raw fiction of the moment, you will enjoy this book of Mr. Watson's for its story, and you will enjoy it for its style. It is a love story, and very much more, written with a delicate art, a quiet humour and irony that give it a piquant flavour distinctly its own. The characterisation is admirable; the various members of the Templar family, Dr. and Mrs. Templar, Charles, Harry, Ruth, and her half-sister Harriet, are sharply differentiated; every man and woman in the book has more or less of individuality, but Thurketyl, the gardener's son, sent to Cambridge and raised above his station by a foster-father, and yet too much of a man to be ashamed of his lowly origin, is perhaps the finest and most original character among them. This is one of the few modern novels it is worth while to keep, because it is worth while re-reading.

WOLFVILLE DAYS. By Alfred Henry Lewis. 3s. 6d. (Isbister.)

WOLFVILLE. By Alfred Henry Lewis. 6s. (Isbister.)

Although Mr. Lewis may be little known in this country, he has for some years been popular in America, where, it seems, there are critics who rank him above Bret Harte and Mark Twain. Without going so far as this, we gladly welcome him as a genuine humorist. "Wolfville" has, in some nominal fashion, been published in England before, but "Wolfville Days" now appears over here for the first time. Wolfville is a primitive West-American town, and the stories in both books are related by an old cattleman of himself and others of its unconventional inhabitants. Doc Peets, Cherokee Hall, Old Man Enright, and the rest of them, are cleverly and entertainingly characterised, and the cattleman's narratives, which are by turns grotesquely or uproariously humorous, and grimly or quaintly pathetic, are told with an unobtrusive skill that is curiously effective. The subjects are such as might have appealed to Bret Harte; the style is nearer akin to that of Mark Twain; but there is so much of Mr. Lewis's own individuality in the blend that the total effect is strikingly fresh and original. We leave others to decide whether Mr. Lewis is greater than the older humorists; it is sufficient for us that he really is a humorist, and a great one.

THE GOLDEN KINGDOM. By Andrew Balfour. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

Mr. Balfour has written a very readable story. He is lavish, too lavish, of incident, and he writes in a vigorous, incisive style. The story is slow in starting, with the result that it runs into 400 pages. Undoubtedly the reader gets plenty for his money, and though the introduction is long, it contains some of the best writing in the book. Corkran, the coxswain, is a grim and striking figure, and Jacob Little, the gigantic blacksmith, is scarcely less notable. Indeed, Mr. Balfour is to be congratulated on the creation of two impressive and well contrasted characters. But he has still to learn the value of compression. The story is too long, too many things happen, and the reader is unduly taxed. At the same time Mr. Balfour shows a wealth of inventiveness and a narrative power not often found in novels of this class. Even his errors are errors on the right side.

THE SHUTTERS OF SILENCE. By G. B. Burgin. 6s. (John Long.)

Imagine a young man of good parentage, brought up since infancy in a Trappist monastery in Canada, suddenly plunged into London society. The idea suggests many possibilities, and some of these Mr. Burgin works out with humour and a little mild cynicism in "The Shutters of Silence." The cir-

THE BRAES OF BALLOCHMYLE.

From a Photograph by Henry C. Shelley.

"The Catrine woods were yellow seen,
The flowers decayed on Catrine lee,
Nae lav'rock sang on hillock green,
But nature sicken'd on the e'e.
Thro' faded groves Maria sang,
Hersel' in beauty's bloom the while;
And ay the wild-wood echoes rang,
Fareweel the braes o' Ballochmyle!"
—Farewell to Ballochmyle.

(Reproduced from H. C. Shelley's "The Ayrshire Homes and Haunts of Burns," by kind permission of Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

BRUAR WATER, LOWER FALL.

From a Drawing by D. O. Hill, R.S.A.

"Here foaming down the skelvy rocks,
In twisting strength I rin;
There, high my boiling torrent smokes,
Wild-roaring o'er a linn:
Enjoying large each spring and well
As Nature gave them me,
I am, altho' I say't mysel',
Worth gaun a mile to see."
—The Humble Petition of Bruar Water.

(Reproduced from "The Works of Robert Burns," by kind permission of Messrs. Blackie and Son, Ltd.)

cumstances which lead to this young man's extraordinary upbringing are not quite satisfactorily explained; while the villain behaves as such an atrocious cad that he could not possibly have moved in the society in which Mr. Burgin puts him; but apart from these minor blemishes this highly original situation is handled in a skilful and entertaining fashion. The situation gives Mr. Burgin the chance for some satire, of which he makes good use. The ending is unconvincing, and the characterisation of the young man's mother is hesitating, but still the young man marries the right girl—an ending which covers a multitude of slips.

ALAIN TANGER'S WIFE. By J. H. Yoxall, M.P. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

We have read most, if not all, of Mr. Yoxall's novels, and neither in ingenuity of plot nor breadth and finish of style do any of them reach quite so high a level as "Alain Tanger's Wife." Alain, a man of small means, is told that in equity, though not in law, he is entitled to a rich inheritance, and a proud and beautiful woman, the present possessor, is willing, as a matter of principle, to share the inheritance with him, and, to this end, is prepared to marry him. That she has some other unexplained object in marrying him he suspects, but makes no effort to unravel the mystery. They marry, but as they are setting out on their honeymoon she eludes him and vanishes. It is an excellent opening, and the rest of the story is written well up to it.

A RED RED ROSE. By Katharine Tynan. 6s. (Eveleigh Nash.)

"A Red Red Rose" has all the charm of manner and quietly humorous outlook that we have come to look upon as the distinctive characteristics of Mrs. Tynan Hinkson's best work. The Searle and the Grace families are very cleverly delineated: the careless, unworldly clergyman and his anxious wife; Uncle Joe ineffectually protected by his wife against the tyrannies of his seven elder sisters; and all their male and female relatives and friends. Our liking for the wealthy, unassuming young American, Tom Brent, and his sister Amelia, grows with the story; our faith in bewitching little Peggy Searle never changes, though she changes her lovers more than once; and from looking with an amused contempt upon her cousin, Fred Grace, at the outset, we are won to pity that harmless, vulgar young man, and even to admire him. A homely and natural story—its delicate unforced realism is of itself sufficient to compel the reader's attention.

The Bookman's Table.

SEGESTA, SELINUNTE, AND THE WEST OF SICILY. By Douglas Sladen. 10s. 6d. net. (Sands and Co.)

Sicily would seem to have laid her wonderful spell on Mr. Douglas Sladen. No great while ago he produced his important book "In Sicily," and there was no doubt about the intimate knowledge contained in it. The present volume is comparatively speaking a private edition of a smaller work, which contains the letterpress and illustrations from "In Sicily," in so far as they relate to the island west of Palermo; and in addition to this, four new illustrations and a considerable amount of new matter dealing with the intimate connection of Homer and Virgil with the west of Sicily. It is a collection of illustrations, of great value and interest, connected with the ancient Greek ruins and with the terra-cotta statuettes and other treasures brought to light by the excavator; while the descriptions are clear and detailed, and are concerned with various kindred subjects. The Carthaginian remains at Mount Eryx, Motya, and Marsala—not forgetting the vintage of this well-known wine-centre; the famous Greek temple at Segesta, and the Greek ruins of Selinunte; with the remarks of Cicero, Goethe, and Cardinal Newman on their visits to these parts, are all included, and the attraction of the volume to all interested in Classical Sicily, is undeniable. An additional point of interest to many will lie in the fact that the author's bookplate decorates any volumes which are obtained direct from him at his London address.

THE BEAUTY OF HOLINESS: Meditations and Addresses delivered chiefly at Cuddesdon by the Ven. C. W. Furse, M.A., sometime Principal of Cuddesdon. With an Introduction by the Right Rev. James Macarthur, D.D., Bishop of Bombay. 7s. 6d. net. (John Murray.)

Dr. Macarthur in his warmly eulogistic and very well written introduction, makes us acquainted with a character of singular purity, integrity, and devoutness. The excellent photograph prefixed to the volume presents a man of a brooding and somewhat sad nature that has long ceased to expect much from life—a man whose experience of the life of saintliness might lead him into the presence of truths hidden from others, and whose interest in his pupils would enable him to understand their deficiencies and prompt them to higher things, but who might not be so safe a guide in abstract questions. The addresses now published sustain this estimate of

the man. For the most part they are counsels to intending priests based upon characters or passages of the New Testament; and these are full of tenderness, insight, and wisdom. The influence of such teaching must have been all for good. Unfortunately Dr. Macarthur has added an address by Canon Furse on the "Real Presence," which is so weak as to reflect injuriously on the rest of the volume.

THE FATHERHOOD OF GOD IN CHRISTIAN TRUTH AND LIFE. By J. Scott Lidgett, M.A. 8s. net. (T. and T. Clark.)

Mr. Lidgett, by giving us a complete survey of the doctrine of God's Fatherhood, has filled up a gap in theological literature. In recent years it has been more and more clearly apprehended that this doctrine is fundamental. The importance attaching to our Lord's designation of God as Father, and to His regulation of His work and life upon this conception of God, has been more adequately estimated. It is now perceived that there is no conception of God which gives a better explanation of all His actings towards man, or to which all other conceptions of His nature as revealed to us can be reduced. Mr. Lidgett has traced the development of this idea of God through the Old Testament, and has exhibited the use made of it by our Lord and His Apostles, and by the Christian Church. This historical portion of his work is novel, and the research involved deserves recognition. But of course the really important part of the task which Mr. Lidgett prescribed to himself is the exhibition of the real content of the doctrine and its significance as the determining source of Christian truth. This is treated with abundant insight, and if readers may not always follow the reasonings of the chapter on the Spiritual Constitution of the World, they will at any rate find many thoughts for which gratitude is due. The book as a whole is a distinct step in advance in theological enquiry.

IN THE ANDAMANS AND NICOBARS. By C. Boden Kloss. 21s. net. (John Murray.)

Mr. Kloss's book is a detailed account of a cruise to the Andaman and Nicobar Islands, undertaken for the purpose of obtaining specimens of natural history and ethnological objects for the Washington Museum, U.S.A. It is a big volume, admirably and abundantly illustrated by photographs taken at the time, and containing much interesting information. But the writer, in spite of keen powers of observation and much lucidity of style, seems to give too little for the bulky pages. In the end knowledge either of the Nicobarese or of the Andamans remains very slight. And few savage tribes are more interesting to study. Extraordinarily low in the scale of civilisation, and still almost equally naked and unashamed, they present characteristics not scientifically to be expected at such a stage of development. Children are tenderly cared for, old age is respected, and the position of women is amazingly good—is, in fact, almost equal to that of the men. At the same time there is no religion, and only a very vague belief in good and evil spirits, while their manner of life is in the last degree primitive. If, however, Mr. Kloss's book is by no means pyschologically exhaustive, it is certainly very well worth reading, and the photographs with which it is enriched are in themselves full of definitive and useful information.

FIELD-MARSHAL SIR DONALD STEWART, G.C.B., G.C.S.I., C.I.E. Edited by G. R. Elmslie, C.S.I. 15s. net. (John Murray.)

This careful and interesting life of the great General and Commander-in-Chief, whose death took place during one of the most anxious periods of the Boer War, is very largely made up of his own fully descriptive letters to his wife—their periods of separation being necessarily many. It could scarcely have been constructed from better or more

THE STATUE OF ROBERT BURNS AT AYR.

By George A. Lawson.

"The arms are crossed, the hands clenched, and the gaze earnest and concentrated; to the simple grace of the figure elements are added of both thought and repressed feeling. . . . It is Burns broadly generalised, the inseeing, rapt, intense poet."
—Edward Pinnington in the *Art Journal*.

Photo by William Brown, Paisley.

THE STATUE OF ROBERT BURNS AT IRVINE.

By Pittendrigh Macgillivray, A.R.S.A.

"The face and head are not slavishly copied from any misleading portrait, and the features are of a finer mould than the pen-pictures ascribe to Burns. . . . The figure is strong, in no sense fine, and there is no straining after grace, although the more prominent lines are all gracefully rhythmic in movement."
—Edward Pinnington in the *Art Journal*.

Photo by T. Patterson, Irvine.

THE STATUE OF ROBERT BURNS AT DUMFRIES.

By Mrs. D. O. Hill.

"The underlying idea is to show Burns when he sat him down to ponder "Upon an auld tree-root,' but the statue suggests sprightly activity and vivacity, something of bubbling vitality and buoyant energy rather than thought. It is, however, the nearest existing approach to a woman's sculptured thought of Burns, and it is an interesting, even if it never was a lofty embodiment of the poet."
—Edward Pinnington in the *Art Journal*.

Photo by William Brown, Paisley.

BURNS MONUMENT, ALLOWAY.

The credit of erecting a monument to Burns at the place of his birth is due to Sir Alexander Boswell, of Auchinleck. The building was designed by Mr. Thomas Hamilton, Jr., of Edinburgh. It was completed on July 4th, 1823, at a total cost of £3,350.

Photo by William Brown, Paisley.

THE HOUSE IN DUMFRIES IN WHICH BURNS DIED.

When Burns moved to Dumfries in 1791 he quitted farming and became an exciseman on a salary of £70 a year. He resided first in a small three-roomed house on the north side of the Wee Vennel, now known as Bank Street. Eighteen months later he removed to Burns Street, off St. Michael Street, and remained here until his death in 1796. The house was occupied by Mrs. Burns until she died, thirty-eight years later.

Photo by William Brown, Paisley.

minute and accurate material. For Sir Donald Stewart was an exceptional letter writer, and his correspondence gives a detailed account of the vital struggles which from the beginning to the end marked his career of foreign service. The Indian Mutiny was his first opportunity, and in his letters the whole progress of the affair is given almost day by day, from the first outbreak at Meerut to his final siege and capture of Delhi. These letters are perhaps the most graphically written in the book, but even in these the unprepared reader will probably be surprised at the coolness and brevity of their references to the horrors taking place on every side. When outside Delhi, immediately after the massacres inside, he writes: "A lot of us intended to go up to the right battery and dine with Fagan this evening. . . . . Maisey, Roberts, and I went after all. We had a first-rate dinner, mushrooms stewed, currant tart, which we washed down with goblets of champagne, a contribution to the feast from Maisey and myself. We had the usual singing after dinner, and returned about twelve o'clock." The first impression is that of an extraordinary callousness. But to all who realise the situation, nothing is more natural and more absolutely spontaneous than this complete ignoring of the horror before and behind and on every side of men whose business is effectively, and very practically, to deal with it. After the Mutiny Sir Donald Stewart headed, with immense success, a contingent under Lord Napier of Magdala in Abyssinia, and later came his brilliant and important work in the Afghan campaign, with his famous march from Candahar to Cabul. It was upon the termination of the Afghan trouble that he was appointed Commander-in-Chief, and offered the acknowledgment of a baronetcy. The book is full throughout of important military developments.

The New Books of the Month.

FEBRUARY 15TH TO MARCH 15TH.

THEOLOGY AND PHILOSOPHY.

ABBOTT, EDWIN A.—Contrast: or a Prophet and a Forger, 1s. 6d. net ..... (A. and C. Black)
This small book deals in some detail with the author's conviction that—to use his own words—"the author of the Fourth Gospel is often, historically as well as spiritually, closer than the Synoptic Evangelists to the truthful conception of the birth, nature, life, and resurrection of our Lord." To this is added the conviction that "the author was not the son of Zebedee, nor an eye-witness of the facts he relates." The present somewhat slight, though suggestive, publication comes as a useful preparation to Dr. Abbott's larger future volume.

ADDERLEY, REV. JAMES.—Quis Habitabit, 1s. 6d. (Brown, Langham and Co.)

Bible, The English. Translated out of the Original Tongues by the Commandment of King James the First. Anno 1611. The Tudor Translations. Edited by W. E. Henley (David Nutt)

CAMPBELL, REV. R. J., M.A.—The Keys of the Kingdom, and Other Sermons, 1s. ..... (A. H. Stockwell)

DAVIDSON, J. P. F., M.A.—Retreat Addresses to Clergy, 3s. 6d. net ..... (Wells Gardner)

DAVIES, REV. THOMAS.—Sermonic Studies in the Old and New Testament, 2s. 6d. net ..... (A. H. Stockwell)

GOUGH, EDWARD, B.A.—The Bible True from the Beginning, 16s. ..... (Kegan Paul)

MARCHANT, REV. JAMES.—Theories of the Person of Christ, 2s. 6d. ..... (Arthur H. Stockwell)
An able book, in language which can be understood by all, on the question of the Divinity of Christ. The writer does not shrink from the arguments of rationalists, but grasps them, examines them, and refutes them. The result is a succinct little work, well adapted for the help of those who doubt or are attacked by sceptics.

MESCHLER, FATHER.—The Gift of Pentecost. Translated from the German by Lady Amabel Kerr, 5s. net... (Sands)
A volume of meditations on the season of Pentecost, and the gifts, graces, and teachings of the Third Person of the Trinity. There is much thought, much gentle and broad-minded suggestion in the chapters; and those who differ in doctrine from the author may agree with him in hopes for more living faith and sincere aims in the world.

MEYER, REV. F. B., B.A.—Jottings and Hints for Lay Preachers, 1s. net ..... (Andrew Melrose)

MONTEFIORE, CLAUDE G.—Liberal Judaism, 3s. net. (Macmillan)

"SCRUTATOR."—Back to Rome, 3s. 6d. ..... (Sands)

SHAW, REV. R. D., M.A., B.D.—The Pauline Epistles, 8s. net. (T. and T. Clark)

NEW EDITION.

Ecclesiasticus. Edited by N. Schmidt, D.D., LL.D. The Temple Bible, 1s. net ..... (Dent)

FICTION.

ABBOTT, J. H. M.—Plain and Veldt, 6s. ..... (Methuen)

AUBREY, FRANK.—King of the Dead, 6s..... (John Macqueen)
"A weird romance," which begins with presentiments and antipathy, and ends with love. The story is engrossing, sensational, almost ghastly at times; but since the days of "King Solomon's Mines" we know we can enjoy this; and the rapidity with which we are carried on from gruesomeness to beauty, from wonderful to natural scenes, absorbs the interest, and prevents any horror from becoming too vivid for our general health.

BAIRSTOW, REV. MARK.—The Village Blacksmith and the Squire's Daughter, 2s. net ..... (A. H. Stockwell)

BENSON, ARTHUR C.—The Hill of Trouble, 6s. ..... (Isbister)

BOOTHBY, GUY.—Connie Burt. Illustrated. 5s. (Ward, Lock)
Mr. Guy Boothby again tells a sensational story in his own well-known style. A lack of money leads Sir Maurice Ogilvie into several unenviable situations, and coincidence weighs him down with a false accusation; but the author, with practised skill, extricates his hero in the end, and adds another to his list of thrilling plots.

BOWLES, G. STEWART.—A Stretch off the Land, 6s. (Methuen)

BROOKE, EMMA.—The Poet's Child, 6s. ..... (Methuen)

BURCHETT, GODFREY.—A Parson's Lass, 6s. ... (Hutchinson)

Caprices of a Royal Incognita, The. Told by Herself. 3s. 6d. (Harpers)

CLIFFORD, HUGH, C.M.G.—A Free Lance of To-day, 6s. (Methuen)

COBB, THOMAS.—The Intriguers ..... (Eveleigh Nash)

COOPER, EDWARD H.—Wyemarke's Mother. Illustrated. 5s. (Grant Richards)

CROCKETT, S. R.—The Banner of Blue, 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton)

DAVIS, RICHARD HARDING.—Ranson's Folly, 6s. (Heinemann)

DEAN, ELLIS.—A Strange Honeymoon, 6s. ..... (Digby, Long)

FIELD, ALAN.—The Exaggerators, and Other Tales, 6s. (Grant Richards)

GUTTENBERG, VIOLET.—The Power of the Palmist, 6s. (Chatto)

But Pleasures are like poppies spread,
You seize the flower, its bloom is shed;
Or like the snowfalls in the river,
A moment white, then melts for ever;
Or like the Borealis' race,
That flit ere you can point their place;
Or like the rainbow's lovely form,
Evanishing amid the storm:

A PORTION OF THE MS. OF ROBERT BURNS REPRODUCED FROM "TAM O' SHANTER."
Rischgitz Collection.

HAGGARD, H. RIDER.—Pearl-Maiden, 6s. ..... (Longmans)
HALIDOM, M. Y.—The Spirit Lovers, and Other Stories. (Simpkin, Marshall)
HAYASHI, VISCOUNT.—For His People. Illustrated. 5s. (Harpers)
HILL, HEADON.—Seaward for the Foe. Illustrations. 3s. 6d. (Ward, Lock)
HOPE, GRAHAM.—The Triumph of Count Ostermann, 6s. (Smith, Elder)
HUME, FERGUS.—A Coin of Edward VII., 6s. ... (Digby, Long)
HUTCHINSON, HORACE.—'Bert Edward, the Golf Caddie, 2s. 6d. net ..... (John Murray)
JAMES, HENRY.—The Better Sort, 6s. ..... (Methuen)
JANSON, GUSTAF.—Abraham's Sacrifice. Authorised Translation from the Swedish, 6s. ..... (Methuen)
JOHNSON, J.—What Befel a Bristol Trader, 6s. (H. J. Drane)
KENNARD, MRS. EDWARD.—A Professional Rider, 2s. (Treherne)

To find Mrs. Kennard's name as a contributor to Messrs. Treherne's "yellow-back" series is to assure its success. The present story begins with the elopement of a sixteen-year-old schoolgirl with a "horsey" man. The "horsey" man was not worth the risk, but he helps towards the success of this "horsey" narrative, if not entirely to his wife's happiness. After ups and downs presented vivaciously, we win through to joy. Mrs. Kennard knows exactly what is wanted in such a series as this.

KING, BASIL.—In the Garden of Charity, 6s. ..... (Harpers)
LEE-HAMILTON, EUGENE.—The Lord of the Dark Red Star, 6s. ..... (Walter Scott)
LEWIS, ALFRED HENRY.—Wolfville. Illustrated. 6s. (Isbister)
LEWIS, ALFRED HENRY.—Wolfville Days, 3s. 6d. ... (Isbister)
LONSDALE, H. M.—D'Abra, the Buddhist, 3s. 6d. (Ward, Lock)
LYONS, A. NEIL.—Matilda's Mabel, 1s. ..... (Grant Richards)
MACGRATH, HAROLD.—Arms and the Woman. Illustrated. 6s. ..... (Pearson)
MARSH, RICHARD.—The Magnetic Girl, 6s..... (John Long)

Mr. Marsh's new book is amusing. The heroine is the youngest Miss O'Brady, an immense, plain, awkward girl of four and twenty, "sort of understudy for a grenadier," as one of her dance partners was overheard to say. And one hot, aggravating day, when goaded by the remarks of her family, she uttered a wish. The result of this was she was entirely irresistible to every man she met—for the rest of the day. After which again she was not. But there is a good deal of story in between this bare framework, and the story, though farcical at times, is animated and satisfactory in its conclusion.

MATURIN, MRS. FRED.—The Thin Red Line of Heroes, 3s. 6d. (Grant Richards)
MAYALL, JOHN W.—The Cynic and the Syren, 6s. ... (Methuen)

This novel opens well with a country town on a market afternoon, and a woman-hater forced to accept a "lift" in a country gig with a village belle as driver. The woman-hater, the cynic, is concisely rude and consistently brutal in his behaviour to the syren during the drive, and after; and he carries the reader's sympathies with him, the syren being a common-minded little beauty, vain, and equally callous in her way. If the syren had not been brought to a different way of thinking farther on in the book, there would have been no more sympathy for the cynic when at long last circumstances prove over strong for him. As it is, the end pleases. The book is light and animated. The theme is slight, but it is treated with plain truth and strength.

M. C. and G. DE S. W.—Confidences: Being Six Months in the Lives of Melisande and Geraldine, 3s. 6d. (Limpus, Baker and Co.)

The double public which sorrowed over the Englishwoman's "Love-Letters" and tittered over Elizabeth's "Visits" may sorrow and titter together over the "Confidences" of Melisande and Geraldine. These heroines, widow and spinster, write flippant letters to one another from Aldershot, from a Welsh "hydro.," from a "heavenly valley" in Germany, from London, Tunis, Brighton, and so forth; in each of which they observe and journalise with acuteness and modernity. Then, too, they love. They have loved (save the name) before, but now they love "pretty considerably." Some of their experiences have much of the quality of those of one Elizabeth, and for some time the reader classes the volume easily. Here and there, however—in its least arresting passages, perhaps—there is a genuine note, as when Geraldine writes of the difference between unpaid-for care and the care which is bought with money when one is ill; and in some of Melisande's single sentences. The book will amuse a reading public of some size.

McCHESNEY, DORA GREENWELL.—Cornet Strong of Ireton's Horse. Illustrated. 6s. ..... (John Lane)
MIDDLEMASS, JEAN.—A Woman's Calvary, 6s. ..... (Digby, Long)
MITFORD, BERTRAM.—Dorrien of Cranston, 6s. ..... (Hurst and Blackett)
MONKHOUSE, ALLAN.—Love in a Life, 6s. (Methuen)
MOORE, ARTHUR.—The Knight Punctilious, 6s. ..... (Methuen)
MORICE, GERARD.—The Man with the White Face, 3s. 6d. ..... (Ward, Lock)
NICHOLAS, J. W.—The Household of Hertz, 2s. ... (Arrowsmith)
PHILLPOTTS, EDEN.—The Transit of the Red Dragon, 3s. 6d. (Arrowsmith)

There is always a fresh pleasure for readers in each of this author's tales. There are three very generous ones in this new volume. In "The Transit of the Red Dragon" Mr. Phillpotts forsakes Devon for Brussels, but he does not forsake his own wholesome, breezy style of writing, and there is one pure Devon story out of the three.

PRESCOTT, E. LIVINGSTON.—Knit by Felony, 6s. (Grant Richards)
RHYS, GRACE.—The Diverted Village, 6s. ..... (Methuen)
"RITA."—Souls, 6s. ..... (Hutchinson)
RUSSELL, W. CLARK.—Overdue, 6s. ..... (Chatto)
RYE, OWEN.—Red-headed Gill, 6s. ..... (Arrowsmith)
SEVERNE, FLORENCE.—José: a Study in Temperament, 6s. (Digby, Long)
SPEIGHT, T. W.—"Her Ladyship," 3s. 6d. ..... (Chatto)
STONE, BLARNEY, and HENRY FIELD.—"My Friend—Bilhooley." Illustrated. 3s. 6d. ..... (Jarrold)

The sub-title of this book is "A Moorish Nightmare." In effect it is a genuinely entertaining volume, telling of the doings and happenings of a couple of friends who start off in the good ship "Blind Owl" (she was a bad, hypocritical ship really) for a few weeks' voyage and visit to Morocco. Its method is light and frivolous, and if now and again its fun is a little lacking in subtlety and point, it is all wholesome "chaff," and should delight the much-to-be-commended public which welcomed "Three Men in a Boat" some years ago, and has proved faithful to it in spite of the objections of the ultra-cultured. Incidentally, the "Bilhooley" book gives a really excellent picture of the Moors and Moorish customs, and their effect upon a light-hearted traveller.

SYLVESTRE, M. A.—Valencia Varelst, 6s. (Brown, Langham and Co.)
Tales from East and West. *Tit-Bits* Monster Penny Books. 1d. (Newnes)
TEARLE, CHRISTIAN.—The Vice-Chancellor's Ward, 6s. (Hutchinson)
TREETON, ERNEST A.—The Instigator, 6s. ..... (Chatto)
TYNAN, KATHARINE.—A Red, Red Rose, 6s. (Eveleigh Nash)
TYTLER, SARAH.—Friendly Foes, 6s. ..... (Digby, Long)

There is an impression conveyed in this book that the plot of it has been built up from facts. It is concerned with the secret of a county house, the home of a small squire, who in a fit of fury commits a deed which puts him in the power of his butler. But the characters and actions in Miss Tytler's story do not follow the usual line; instead of blackmail, we have faithfulness, and the narrative runs on with all this writer's accustomed facility and brightness of style. We may add that the butler has a son, and the squire a daughter.

WARD, BRYAN W., M.A.—The Forest Prince, 6s. (Digby, Long)
WARD, MRS. HUMPHRY.—Lady Rose's Daughter, 6s. (Smith, Elder)
WARDEN, FLORENCE.—The Heart of a Girl. Illustrated. 6s. (Chatto)

The hearts of several girls are dissected in Miss Florence Warden's new story, and it is difficult at times to decide whether the turbulent and passionate, the shallow and selfish, or the loving and capricious can be the most embarrassing to a well-meaning young man at times, and which can place him in the most anomalous and uncomfortable position. The novel is the sprightly blending of modern-day adventure and romance which we have come to expect from this writer. A good plot, plenty of excitement, and a wholesome love interest—these are the threads by which she has held her admiring readers from the first; these threads are here again, strong as ever.

WARDEN, GERTRUDE, and ROBERT EUSTACE.—The Stolen Pearl, 3s. 6d. ..... (Ward, Lock)
WATSON, E. H. LACON.—The Templars, 6s. (Edward Arnold)
WILLIAMS, H. NOEL.—A Ten Pounds Penalty, 2s. (Treherne)
YORKE, CURTIS.—In Life's Afternoon, 6s. ..... (Digby, Long)

This collection of stories is a proof of Curtis Yorke's versatility. In all, her easy, attractive manner is felt, but in one at least, "In Life's Afternoon," her style is a new surprise,

THE FUNERAL OF ROBERT BURNS.

From a Painting by W. E. Lockhart, R.S.A.

Burns died on July 21st, 1796, and on the evening of the 24th his remains were removed to the Trades' Hall, where they lay in state. The Volunteers of Dumfries were determined to inter the poet with military honours, and the streets were lined by infantry and cavalry. "The multitude who accompanied Burns to the grave might amount," wrote Cunningham, "to ten or twelve thousand. Not a word was heard. . . . It was an impressive and mournful sight."

(Reproduced by kind permission of Mr. James Thin.)

reminding us of the prim, dainty New England tales of Miss Mary Wilkins.

YOXALL, J. H., M.P.—Alain Tanger's Wife, 6s. ... (Hutchinson)

ZANGWILL, ISRAEL.—The Grey Wig. Stories and Novelettes. 6s. ..... (Heinemann)

NEW EDITIONS.

AINSWORTH, HARRISON.—Windsor Castle. Coronation Edition. 1s. 6d. and 2s. net ..... (Treherne)

AUSTEN, JANE.—Pride and Prejudice. Mansfield Park. Northanger Abbey. 1 vol. New Century Library. 2s. net. (Nelson)

Author of "The Blunders of a Bashful Man."—A Bad Boy's Diary, 6d. ..... (Ward, Lock)

DAUDET, ALPHONSE.—Port Tarascon. Illustrated. 2s. 6d. (Sampson Low)

DAUDET, ALPHONSE.—The Nabob. Translated from the French. With Critical Introduction by Prof. Trent. A Century of French Romance Series ..... (Heinemann)

DELANNOY, BURFORD.—The Margate Murder Mystery, 6d. (Ward, Lock)

DICKENS, CHARLES.—Bleak House. David Copperfield. 2 vols. Biographical Edition. 3s. 6d. each ... (Chapman and Hall)

DICKENS, CHARLES.—Little Dorrit. Christmas Stories. 2 vols. Biographical Edition. 3s. 6d. each (Chapman and Hall)

HABBERTON, JOHN.—Helen's Babies. Lily Series. 1s. 6d. (Ward, Lock)

HARLAND, HENRY.—Mademoiselle Miss, and Other Stories, 3s. 6d. ..... (John Lane)

An interesting collection of early work. In it may be noted the undoubted delicacy and strength of Mr. Harland's manner—the unquestionably right word, the unexpected phrase, the knowledge of proportion, the power which sets him so well to the fore among writers of the short story.

HUGHES, THOMAS.—Tom Brown's Schooldays. Illustrations by E. J. Sullivan. 2s. net ..... (Macmillan)

KENNEDY, BART.—A Sailor Tramp. Illustrated. 6d. (Newnes)

LYNCH, LAWRENCE L.—Against Odds, 6d. ..... (Ward, Lock)

LYTTON, LORD.—Night and Morning. Thin Paper Edition. Lambskin. 3s. net ..... (Newnes)

OPPENHEIM, E. PHILLIPS.—The Mystery of Mr. Bernard Brown, 6d. ..... (Ward, Lock)

SCOTT, SIR WALTER.—Ivanhoe. World's Classic Series. 1s. net ..... (Grant Richards)

SCOTT, SIR WALTER.—The Fair Maid of Perth. Vol. II. Anne of Geierstein. 2 vols. The Edinburgh Waverley Edition ..... (T. C. and E. C. Jack)

SMART, HAWLEY.—Cecile, 6d. ..... (Ward, Lock)

TOLSTOY, LEO.—Resurrection. Translated by Louise Maude. 6d. ..... (Grant Richards)

POETRY, MUSIC, AND THE DRAMA.

BENNETT, ARTHUR.—"Sunrise" Songs, 3s. 6d. ("Sunrise" Publishing Co., Warrington)

The songs of a man of culture and feeling and poetical imagination. We commend the book heartily; there is much in its verse that is fanciful, musical, thoughtfully suggestive, and of abiding interest. Mr. Bennett believes in the high destiny of the human race, and that all creation is surely moving forward to better things; everywhere he strikes the right note of courageous optimism.

"The clouds are breaking, the world is waking,
The ghosts are quaking, the shadows fly;
The gloom is riven with the fires of heaven—
Take heart, my brothers, the day is nigh!"

GASKELL, LADY CATHERINE MILNES.—The New Cinderella, and Other Plays, 6s. .....(Henry J. Drane)

Bright, short plays (which may be had separately) well-suited to amateur performance. "The New Cinderella" is a new version of the old theme, which makes the neglected heroine rich and triumphant in the end. It contains, too, a Mrs. Slocomb, beside whom Mrs. Malaprop herself is conversationally correct.

INGHAM, JOHN HALL.—Pompeii of the West, and Other Poems, 6s. net ..... (Lippincott)

KEITH, W. J.—In Freedom's Name, 3s. 6d. net (Simpkin, Marshall)

The title poem in Mr. Keith's little volume is vigorous, patriotic, outspoken: it pleads for an unsullied honour among Britain's sons, refers to the selling of our country's ships for gold, as well as other lamentable matters, and urges a fine loyalty in swinging lines. Other poems show deep feeling, simplicity, and tunefulness.

Lyra Sacra. A Book of Religious Verse. Selected by H. C. Beeching, M.A Library of Devotion Series. 2s. (Methuen)

NOYES, ALFRED.—The Flower of Old Japan, 5s. net. (Grant Richards)

This is an interesting book, a beautiful book, a book which has inconsistencies. It is called "a dim, strange tale for all ages," and perhaps it is that, if one understands by it different parts for different ages. The early part of the poem-story has much of the charm of R. L. Stevenson, and as we read on from "Embarkation" in the nursery firelight in quest of the ruby wishing-stone, we are delighted and excited by the really wonderful and lavish array of beautiful words; the lines glow and scintillate, the mind's eye is almost dazzled by the quick exquisite pictures, delicate, grim, dreamy, fairylike. Later, however, there are many parts which would not suit the child age, two of which are the "Song" on page 52 and the "Hymn of the Weirdrians." But, indeed, the story itself seems to grow

THE STATUE OF ROBERT BURNS IN THE SCOTTISH NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY.

By John Flaxman.

"The chiselling is superb. In certain passages a desire may arise for finer discrimination, a more sensitive appreciation of the subtleties of texture, but as a whole the statue is the product of a highly accomplished sculptor who found a keen delight in the practice of his art. . . . The weakness of the work is most keenly felt in the figure and pose. . . . We miss the ease of self-possession, the negligent *abandon* of independence and freedom, the manly bearing of conscious power. These things are of the spirit of Burns, and concerning them Flaxman's marble is dumb."

—Edward Pinnington in the *Art Journal*.

Rischgitz Collection.

THE MAUSOLEUM OF ROBERT BURNS AT DUMFRIES.

A plan by Mr. Thomas Frederick Hunt, of London, of a plain Doric temple reared above a sepulchral vault, was selected for the Mausoleum, and the foundation stone was laid with masonic honours by Mr. William Miller, of Dalswinton, on the 5th of June, 1815.

Photo by William Brown, Paisley.

INTERIOR OF THE MAUSOLEUM AT DUMFRIES.

A piece of sculpture by the artist Peter Turnerelli was placed in the Mausoleum at Dumfries. It represents Burns at the plough, while his muse Coila is draping his figure with a mantle of inspiration. Though it may not satisfy fastidious art critics, it at least appeals successfully to the popular eye and heart.

Photo by William Brown, Paisley.

older as it goes on. It is a striking performance; indeed, it is somewhat remarkable.

OMOND, T. S.—A Study of Metre, 5s. net ..... (Grant Richards)

PARKES, REV. F. W., M.A.—Elijah: a Historical Poem. (Partridge)

Rubaiyat of Umar Khaiyam, The. Done into English from the French of J. B. Nicolas, by Frederick Baron Corvo. 10s. 6d. net ..... (John Lane)

WYNNE, CHARLES WHITWORTH.—David and Bathshua. A Drama. 5s. ..... (Kegan Paul)

NEW EDITIONS.

Hymns Ancient and Modern, A Historical Companion to.—Edited by Rev. Robert Maude Moorsom, M.A. 5s. net. (Camb. Univ. Press)

MACAULAY, LORD.—Lays of Ancient Rome. World's Classic Series. 1s. net ..... (Grant Richards)

Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam. Roses of Parnassus Series. 6d. (Grant, Edinburgh)

SHAKESPEARE.—Cymbeline. Edited by Edward Dowden. The Arden Edition. 3s. 6d. ..... (Methuen)

SHAKESPEARE.—Much Ado About Nothing. Twelfth Night. 2 vols. Windsor Ed. 2s. net each...(T. C. and E. C. Jack)

TOLSTOY, LEO.—Plays. Translated by Louise and Aylmer Maude. 6s. ..... (Grant Richards)

WHYTE-MELVILLE, G. J.—Songs and Verses, 2s. (Ward, Lock)

WORDSWORTH, WILLIAM.—Sonnets ..... (Bell and Sons)

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND TRAVEL.

Andreapolis. Being Writings in Praise of St. Andrews. Chosen and Edited by Professor Knight. 3s. net. (David Douglas, Edinburgh)

Antiquary, The, 1902 ..... (Elliot Stock)

COLERIDGE, CHRISTABEL.—Charlotte Mary Yonge: Her Life and Letters. Illustrated. 12s. 6d. net ..... (Macmillan)

DANT, CHARLES H.—Archbishop Temple. Illustrated. 3s. 6d. (Walter Scott)

Darwin, More Letters of Charles. Edited by Francis Darwin and A. C. Seward. 2 vols. Illustrations, 32s. net (John Murray)

DE LA REY, MRS. (GENERAL).—A Woman's Wanderings and Trials during the Anglo-Boer War. Translated by Lucy Hotz. Illustrated, 2s. 6d. ..... (Fisher Unwin)

Gives an intimate picture, in conspicuously undecorated style, of a woman's day-by-day life during the Boer War. It goes to show, if compared with women's narratives of other wars, how great is the advance which has been made in war methods, and how noticeable the diminution of the horrors of forced flights, during the past century.

DIXON, W. WILLMOTT ("Thormanby").—Dainty Dames of Society. Vol. I. 2s. ..... (A. and C. Black)

In four volumes, dainty and small enough to be pocket companions, Mr. Willmott Dixon presents a portrait gallery of notable women—women who, whatever their careers, characters, or appearance, possessed all the elusive, indefinable attribute of *charm*. Each volume contains portraits and illustrations from rare and famous pictures. The present one treats of two Duchesses of Devonshire; of Dorothy Sidney, the famed "Sacharissa"; and of Lady Holland, of Holland House. The little series contains undoubtedly the grace which is claimed for the subjects of the memoirs—*charm*.

FIRTH, JOHN B., B.A.—Augustus Cæsar: and the Organisation of the Empire of Rome. Heroes of the Nations Series. 5s. and 6s. ..... (Putnam)

FRASER, LOVAT.—At Delhi, 6s. ("Times of India" Office, 121, Fleet Street)

GALLONIO, REV. FATHER.—Tortures and Torments of the Christian Martyrs. Translated and Adapted by A. R. Allinson, M.A. Illustrated. (Printed for the subscribers: London and Paris)

GLASENAPP, C. F.—Life of Richard Wagner. Authorised English Version. By William Ashton Ellis. Vol. III., 16s. net ..... (Kegan Paul)

HANNAY, JAMES O., M.A.—The Spirit and Origin of Christian Monasticism, 6s. ..... (Methuen)

HARTING, JOHANNA H.—Catholic London Missions, 7s. 6d. net. (Sands)

HIGGINS, MRS. NAPIER.—The Bernards of Abington and Nether Winchendon. 2 vols. 21s. net ..... (Longmans)

KLOSS, C. BODEN.—In the Andamans and Nicobars. Maps and Illustrations. 21s. net ..... (John Murray)

LANE-POOLE, STANLEY.—Mediæval India under Mohammedan Rule, 712—1764, 5s. ..... (Fisher Unwin)

LAYARD, SIR A. HENRY, G.C.B., D.C.L.—Autobiography and Letters. Edited by the Hon. William N. Bruce. 2 vols. Illustrated. 25s. net ..... (John Murray)

LEGGE, HELEN EDITH.—A Short History of the Ancient Greek Sculptors. Illustrated. 6s. ..... (Fisher Unwin)

Miss Legge has not only succeeded thoroughly in that which she set out to do, *i.e.*, write a sketch to give "preliminary knowledge and certain main ideas" to many who have not studied sculpture—she has undeniably produced a book of many fascinations. Her weaving of legend, history, ideals, and finished work is carried out in a manner to arrest the attention of old and young; teaching them fact while amusing them with fable, refining while narrating, and inculcating a genuine love for the best in Art. The volume is one to be a companion in travel or at home. The first attempts at Greek sculpture are faithfully traced and brightly recounted through the periods of early and archaic art. We are led on to the glorious age of Pheidias; then passing on to Polycleitus, Agoracritus, Praxiteles, Scopas, to the decline of sculpture itself. The introduction by Professor Percy Gardner, who has himself done so much to foster a love for, and understanding of, sculpture, is appreciative and inspiriting in itself.

LENNOX, CUTHBERT, and ANDREW MELROSE.—George Douglas Brown. Introduction by Andrew Lang. 3s. 6d. net ..... (Hodder and Stoughton)

LYNCH, GEORGE.—The Impressions of a War Correspondent, 3s. 6d. ..... (Newnes)

Africa and China, America and London, all yield material for these pregnant impressionist pictures. They read almost as stories, short, trenchant stories; but they bring the realities of life very forcibly to the brain; and teach some important facts belonging to contemporary history.

MACKINTOSH, R., D.D.—Hegel and Hegelianism. World's Epoch Makers. 3s. ..... (T. and T. Clark)

MARRIOTT, J. A. R., M.A.—George Canning and His Times, 5s. net ..... (John Murray)

HOLROYD, CHARLES.—Michael Angelo Buonarroti. With Translation by Ascanio Condivi, and three Dialogues from the Portuguese by Francisco D'Ollanda, 7s. 6d. net. (Duckworth)

THE MONUMENT TO HIGHLAND MARY AT GREENOCK.

"Thou ling'ring star, with less'ning ray,
That lov'st to greet the early morn,
Again thou usher'st in the day
My Mary from my soul was torn.
O Mary! dear departed Shade!
Where is thy place of blissful rest?
See'st thou thy Lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?"
—To Mary in Heaven.

Photo by Valentine and Sons, Dundee.

MOLLOY, FITZGERALD.—The Sailor King, William the Fourth. 2 vols. Illustrated. 24s. net ..... (Hutchinson)

NORIE, W. DRUMMOND.—The Life and Adventures of Prince Charles Edward Stuart. Illustrated. Vol. I. 25s. net. (Caxton Publishing Co.)

PEMBERTON, T. EDGAR.—The Life of Bret Harte, 16s. (Pearson)

RAMSAY, SIR JAMES H., M.A.—The Angevin Empire (A.D. 1154—1216). Maps and Illustrations. 12s. (Swan Sonnenschein)

SAVORY, ISABEL.—In the Tail of the Peacock, 16s. (Hutchinson)

St. Edmund, Archbishop of Canterbury. Arranged by Bernard Ward. 6s. net ..... (Sands)

An interesting compilation, by which the life of the Catholic saint is traced from his childhood at Abingdon to his death at Soissy, in the words of old English writers. The story is gathered carefully, and with a good idea of essentials, from the old MSS. and chronicles. Numerous illustrations, chiefly showing the spots connected with St. Edmund's teaching, are included.

Stewart, Field-Marshal Sir Donald, G.C.B., G.C.S.I., C.I.E. Edited by G. R. Elsmie, C.S.I. Illustrations and Maps. 15s. net ..... (John Murray)

NEW EDITIONS.

HUXLEY, LEONARD.—Life and Letters of Thomas Henry Huxley. 3 vols. The Eversley Series. 12s. net. (Macmillan)

KING, CLARENCE.—Mountaineering in the Sierra Nevada, 6s. net ..... (Fisher Unwin)

LECKY, WILLIAM EDWARD HARTPOLE.—Leaders of Public Opinion in Ireland. 2 vols. 25s. net ..... (Longmans)

A new edition of Mr. Lecky's important book on Irish men, history, and vicissitudes. The author has revised his work with much thoroughness, making good use of valuable material acquired since the 1871 edition. In the present volumes the sketch of Swift has disappeared, to be made use of in another publication; but much rich matter has taken its place, notably that dealing with the Fitzwilliam controversy.

Voyages and Travels. Edited by C. Raymond Beazley. 2 vols. 4s. net each ..... (Constable)

Here is an enterprising and scholarly re-issue of the fruits of a scholar's labours. In twelve volumes, we learn, are to be reprinted Professor Arber's "garnerings" from English history and literature; but presented in re-arranged form, so that the several subjects may be distinct and easily accessible. The two present volumes are edited by Mr. Beazley, who has added to them really valuable introductions, detailed, and in themselves holding much of the charm of the original matter. Hakluyt is, of course, one of the main sources; but much other important and little known material is here also, and the collection displays sound knowledge and careful editing.

LAW, PHILOLOGY, SCIENCE, ART, SCHOOL, AND TECHNICAL BOOKS.

BROOKS, JOHN GRAHAM.—The Social Unrest, 6s. net. (Macmillan)

BRYCE, REUBEN JOHN.—A Short Study of State Socialism. (E. Baynes and Co.)

Cassell's "Union Jack" Reader Series. Book I., 8d. ... (Cassell)

CLARKE, G. H., M.A., and C. J. MURRAY, B.A.—A Primer of Old French, 2s. 6d. ..... (Blackie)

DRUERY, CHARLES T., F.L.S., V.M.H.—The Book of British Ferns, 3s. 6d. net ..... (Newnes)

This is a fern-book which has long been needed. For many years now, owing to increased knowledge and the immense accumulation of "finds," the lists of British ferns, however carefully compiled, have been almost more confusing than helpful to any but the most expert botanist. The present volume is a selected list, most thoughtfully and generously compiled, but weeding out the faulty, unnecessary types. To this list is added much general and useful information on culture, fern-crossing, etc. A volume to be thoroughly recommended.

HILL, G. F., M.A.—Illustrations of School Classics. With Coloured Plates, 10s. 6d. ..... (Macmillan)

LECKY, RT. HON. W. E. H.—A Survey of English Ethics. Edited by W. A. Hirst, 3s. 6d. ..... (Longmans)

ORGAN, T. A., B.A., and A. A. THOMAS, B.A.—Education Law ..... (Butterworth and Co.)

THE MONUMENT TO ROBERT BURNS AT KILMARNOCK.

The Kilmarnock monument in Kay Park is a two-storey building, with a tower rising to a height of eighty feet. A handsome stone staircase leads up in front to a projecting portion of the upper storey, and here in a shrine is a fine marble statue of Burns, by W. Grant Stevenson, R.S.A., of Edinburgh. Behind the statue are three rooms used as a museum, which contain a number of interesting relics connected with the poet. The inauguration took place on Saturday, August 9th, 1879, in the presence of between forty and fifty thousand people, when the statue was unveiled by Colonel Alexander, M.P.

Photo by Valentine and Sons, Dundee.

PROFEIT, REV. W., M.A.—The Creation of Matter, 2s. net. (T. and T. Clark)
RACINE.—Bérénice. Scenes Edited by Alex. Cran, M.A. Little French Classic Series, 4d. ..... (Blackie)
SAVAGE, MINOT J.—Can Telepathy Explain? 3s. 6d. (Putnams)
Scholar's Companion, The, to Things New and Old. Five books. 2d. each ..... (Cassell)
SCHOLLE, W. PH.D., and G. SMITH, M.A.—Elementary Phonetics, English, French, German, 2s. 6d. net ... (Blackie)
SCHOPENHAUER, ARTHUR.—The Basis of Morality. Translated, with Introduction and Notes, by Arthur Brodrick Bullock, M.A., 4s. 6d. ..... (Sonnenschein)
SKEAT, BERTHA M., PH.D.—A Primer of Historical English Grammar, 2s. 6d. ..... (Blackie)
WELBY, V.—What is Meaning? Studies in the Development of Significance, 6s. ..... (Macmillan)

New Editions.

ALLEN, GRANT.—The Evolution of the Idea of God, 6d. (Watts and Co.)
Cæsar's Gallic War. Book VII. Edited by John Brown, B.A. Illustrations, 2s. 6d. ..... (Blackie)
COWPER, WILLIAM.—The Task. Book V. Edited by E. H. Blakeney, M.A. Blackie's English Classics, 2d. (Blackie)
KINGSLEY, CHARLES.—The Heroes. Notes by E. H. Blakeney, M.A., 1s. ..... (Blackie)
PERRAULT, CHARLES.—Fairy Tales. Edited, with Notes and Vocabulary, by Louis A. Barbé, B.A. Illustrated, 1s. (Blackie)
SANDEAU, JULES.—Mademoiselle de la Seiglière. Edited by J. E. Michell, M.A. Blackie's Little French Classics, 10d. (Blackie)
SCOTT, SIR WALTER.—Lord of the Isles. Canto II. and VII. Blackie's English Classics, 2d. ..... (Blackie)
SHAKESPEARE, THE PICTURE, King John, 1s. ..... (Blackie)

MISCELLANEOUS.

AMES, HUGO.—Thirteen Thoughts, or Studies in Small Philosophy, 1s. 6d. ..... (H. J. Drane)
BATES, DAVID.—The Law of Likeness, 9s. net ..... (Longmans)
BRAMSTON, M.—A Girl's Outlook, 3d. ..... (Wells Gardner)
BRIGHT, ALLAN H.—Is Liberty Asleep? 1s. ... (Fisher Unwin)
CARR, MRS. ERNEST.—"I Want." A Story for the Children, 1s. net ..... (A. H. Stockwell)
A capital little tale for very small folk; more in the style which taught the virtues and the graces to the beginners of life a generation or two ago—a style almost forgotten in these days of precocity.
COMPTON, HERBERT.—Facts and Phantasies. Illustrated, 7s. 6d. net ..... (Treherne)
COOK, E. T.—A Popular Handbook to the Greek and Roman Antiquities in the British Museum, 10s. net. ... (Macmillan)
Mr. Cook ably fulfils his intention of making this noble treasure-house of ours not only an attraction, but an object of affection to, and a subject understood by, the general public. Sculpture, ornaments, gems, coins cease to be collections of cold, bewildering antiquities. Mr. Cook may be said to breathe life into them, to show them in their original values, parts of a grand, pulsating civilisation, details in a splendid whole. The volume is admirable within its own scope, and generous in directing to further sources of information.
DE JUBAINVILLE, H. D'ARBOIS.—The Irish Mythological Cycle. Translated from the French by Richard Irvine Best, 6s. net ..... (O'Donoghue, Dublin)
DEVEREUX, G. R. M.—The Etiquette of Engagement and Marriage, 1s. ..... (Pearson)
EARLE, MRS. C. W.—A Third Pot-Pourri, 7s. 6d. (Smith, Elder)
English Catalogue of Books, The, 1902, 6s. net ... (Sampson Low)
The sixty-sixth issue of a publication which is a real boon to bookmen generally. In one alphabet are given author, subject, size, price, and other details of every English book published during the past year. For booksellers and librarians the yearly volumes have become almost indispensable, their fulness and accuracy being all that can be desired.
FITZHERBERT, S. W.—The Book of the Wild Garden. Handbooks of Practical Gardening Series. 2s. 6d. net (John Lane)
Forgotten Soul, A., 1s. ..... (Grant Richards)
HENSON, H. HENSLEY, B.D.—The Education Act, and After, 1s. ..... (Méthuen)
HILTY, CARL.—Happiness. Essays on the Meaning of Life. Translated by Francis Greenwood Peabody. 4s. net (Macmillan)
Home Arts and Crafts. Edited and Compiled by Montague Marks. Illustrated. 3s. 6d. net ..... (Pearson)
JONES, C. SHERIDAN.—What I Saw at Bethesda, 1s. net. (Brimley Johnson)
LEE, GERALD STANLEY.—The Lost Art of Reading, 7s. 6d. (Putnams)
Though slightly discursive in his manner, the writer realises and conveys great matters. Many sides and phases and causes, results and hindrances, of reading are discussed—or, rather, told; and the writer, though seemingly an egoist, is one who looks round a subject. "I have always," he says, "kept on hoping that I would [*sic*] be allowed, in spite of being somewhat mixed up with civilisation, to be a normal man sometime." Well, who shall say? At least, he is able to decide his opinion of "the hod-carriers of culture," the mob which has been put through the motions of education, the dead level of intelligence. It is a pity this should mean an abnormal state. Very wisely he sees the great, immeasurable cruelty of modern methods, the breaking of the spirit and the imagination. This may all be a very definite idea rather indefinitely expressed, but it is a book worth reading more than once.
MACKAIL, J. W.—The Parting of the Ways. (Moorlands Press, Staffordshire)
McKENZIE, F. A.—Famishing London. A Study of the Unemployed and Unemployable. 1s. ..... (Hodder and Stoughton)
Morning Prayer and Praise. Compiled and Arranged by the Rev. William Odom. 1s. net. ("Home Words" Office, 11, Ludgate Sq.)
MORSE, FRANCES CLARY.—Furniture of the Olden Time. Illustrated. 12s. 6d. net ..... (Macmillan)
Lovers of old furniture will find pleasure and information in this most attractive volume of household plenishings. Miss Morse, with that personal touch which turns a catalogue into something more like a romance, has given details of the many styles and merits of the chairs, tables, bedsteads, desks, mirrors, etc., of many dates, fully and carefully. Sheraton, the Adams brothers, Chippendale, and Hepplewhite are all ranged forth, with many other men and modes. The illustrations are really beautiful, and a great help to collectors.
Nature-Study Exhibition and Conferences, Official Report of, 1902. 2s. 6d. net ..... (Blackie)
OKAKURA, KAKASU.—The Ideals of the East, 5s. net. (John Murray)
One and All Gardening Annual, 1903. Edited by Edward Owen Greening. 2d. (Agricultural and Horticultural Association)
QUICK, JONATHAN (Dean of St. Rattrick's).—Gulliver Joe, 1s. net ..... (Isbister)
SANDLANDS, J.P., M.A.—Fallacies in Present-Day Thought, 6s. net ..... (Elliot Stock)
SHEPPARD, ARTHUR. How to Become a Private Secretary, 1s. (Fisher Unwin)
Temple, Frederick, Archbishop of Canterbury, Five of the Latest Utterances of. 1s. net ..... (Macmillan)
Theophrastus, The Characters of. A Translation, with Introduction. By Charles E. Bennett and William A. Hammond. 2s. 6d. net ..... (Longmans)
TREMAYNE, HAROLD.—The A B C of the Horse, 1s. (H. J. Drane)
WALDSTEIN, CHARLES.—Art in the Nineteenth Century, 2s. net ..... (Camb. Univ. Press)
WEIR, HARRISON, F.R.H.S.—Our Poultry and All About Them. Illustrated. Part 10. 7d. net ..... (Hutchinson)

THE YOUNG AUTHORS' PAGE.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

NEW REGULATIONS FOR THE YOUNG AUTHORS' PAGE.

In future all criticisms of MSS. will be posted direct to the authors as soon as possible after receipt. Two coupons cut from current numbers of "The Bookman" (see below), together with a stamped addressed envelope, must be enclosed with each MS.

All communications must be addressed to the

Editor of the Young Authors' Page,
"Bookman" Office,
27, Paternoster Row, London.

Terms for fuller opinions on MSS. may be had on application. Every endeavour will be made to return MSS., but should writers desire their MSS. returned, they must send stamped addressed envelopes or wrappers. When this rule is complied with we shall make every endeavour to return the MSS. But we undertake no responsibility whatever for their custody or safe return, and writers are earnestly requested to keep copies.

COUPON.

YOUNG AUTHORS' PAGE.

APRIL, 1903.

NEW EDITIONS.

HOLMES, OLIVER WENDELL.—The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table. Edited by E. H. Blakeney, M.A. 2s. ... (Blackie)

HOLYOAKE, GEORGE JACOB.—Public Speaking and Debate, 1s. net ..... (Fisher Unwin)

KINGSLEY, CHARLES.—Prose Idylls. Vol. XVIII. of the Life and Works of Charles Kingsley ..... (Macmillan and Co.)

MERIMEE, PROSPER.—Letters to an Unknown. Translated by Henri Pène Du Bois, 6s. ..... (Gibbings)

PAUL, SIR JAMES BALFOUR.—An Ordinary of Arms. (Green, Edinburgh)

Speeches and Toasts: How to Make and Propose Them. Re-written and Enlarged Edition. 1s. ..... (Ward, Lock)

THACKERAY, W. M.—The Irish Sketch Book. Illustrated by C. E. Brock. 1 vol. Authorised Edition. 3s. net. (Dent)

Practical Gastronomy. French Menus and Register of Dishes. 5s. net ..... (C. Herman Senn)

BOOKS WANTED.

SANDEMAN LIBRARY, PERTH, N.B.

Reference Library Editions of Byron, Browning, Longfellow, Moore, Morris, Southey, Wordsworth. Vol. 1 Shakespeare, Porteous, Glasgow, 1865.

BOOKS FOR SALE.

C. D. CROSS, 90, HERNE HILL, S.E.

Supplément a l'Histoire Naturelle de Buffon, 29 vols., 8vo, half-calf, 1831, steel plates, exquisitely hand-painted.

Oeuvres du Comte de Lacépède, 13 vols., 8vo, binding and plates as above.

Oeuvres de Molière, edited by M. Bret, 8 vols., 8vo, half-calf, 1805.

Répertoire Générale du Théatre Français, by P. Corneille, 51 vols., sm. 8vo, half-calf, 1813.

Oeuvres de J. J. Rousseau, 20 vols., 12mo, full calf, gilt, steel plates, 1819.

Oeuvres Complètes de Victor Hugo, 48 vols., large 8vo, paper covers, as new, 1880.

100,000 Books for Sale & Wanted.

Books Wanted.

All First Editions, Original Bindings, unless otherwise stated.

EDWARD BAKER'S

GREAT BOOKSHOP,

14 and 16, John Bright Street,

BIRMINGHAM.

Clissold, Mont Blanc, 1823, 6s.
Dent, Above the Snow Line, 1885, 3s.
Forbes, Norway and its Glaciers
American Revolution, Portraits by Dusimitier, 1783, 7s. 6d.
Aristotle, Psychology, edited by Wallace, 4s.
Beesley's History of Banbury, 1841, 10s.
Behn's (Mrs.) Plays, 4 vols., 1724, or 2 vols., 1702, 7s. 6d. each
—— Histories and Novels, 2 vols., 1735, 7s. 6d.
Bell, Phenomena of Iron Smelting, 5s.
Bisset's Memoirs of Sir A. Mitchell, 2 vols., 5s.
Bucknill's Medical Knowledge, Shakespeare, 3s.
Caine's The Mahdi, privately printed, 5s.
Calloway's Nursery Tales of the Zulus, 1866, 5s.
Cases of Impotency, 2 vols., 1714, 10s.
Cid, Poems of, trans. by Ormsby, 1879, 4s.
New Bon Ton Magazine, 1818-21, 15s.
Roscoe's Novelist's Library, 19 vols., 1831-33, £5
The Satirist, 14 vols., 1808-14, £4
Dresser's Birds of Europe, 8 vols., £20
Elegies of Propertius, Bohn's Classical Library, 1854, 5s.
Fowler, Verses Grave and Gay, 5s.
Gatke's Heligoland, 1875, 6s.
Gautier's Mad. de Maupin, Vizetelly, 5s.
Grant's Sketches in London, 12 parts, as issued, 7s. 6d.
Gurney's Phantasms of the Living, 2 vols., 7s. 6d.
Historio Memorials of the Stewarts of Fothergill, 10s.
Hope's Mr. Witt's Widow, 1st edition, 3s.
—— A Man of Mark, 1st edition, 3s.
King on Coal Gas, 3 vols., 1878-79, 12s.
Kitchen's History of France, 3 vols., 5s.
Lever's Roland Cashel, in 20 numbers, 1850, 12s.
Marryat's Poor Jack, in numbers as issued, 5s.
Maxwell, Fortunes of Hector O'Halloran, in numbers, 10s.
—— Any books by Maxwell issued in parts
Mercer's Waterloo Campaign, 2 vols., 1870, 8s.
Nettleship, Philosophical Remains, 2 vols., 5s.
Payne, Armorial of Jersey, £2
Porter's Knights of Malta, 5s.
Shaw's History Staffordshire Potteries, 3s.
Skelton, Science and Practice of Medicine, 3s.
Smedley's Frank Fairleigh, in 15 parts, as issued, 10s.
—— Lewis Arundel, in 21 numbers, as issued, 10s.
Thompson's Three Great Runs, 1886, 7s. 6d.
Tudor, Translations of Plutarch, 6 vols., £3
Wroe (John), Secret Communications, 3 vols., 10s.
Absurdities in Prose and Verse, 1827, 4s.
Actors by Daylight, 1838-9, 55 Nos., 21s.
Actors by Gaslight, 1838, 37 Nos., 21s.
Addison (J.), Damascus and Palmyra, 2 vols., 1838, 10s.
A Day's Ride, second edition, 2 vols., 1863, 4s.
Adonais, an Elegy on the Death of John Keats, by P. B. S., Pisa, 1821, £5
Adventures of a Post Captain, with coloured plates, N.D. (1821), £1
Ainsworth (W. H.), Rookwood, 1836 or 1851, illustrated, 10s.
—— Rookwood, 3 vols., 1834, 10s.
—— Jack Sheppard, 3 vols., 1839, 30s.
—— Ditto, 1 vol., 1840, 10s.
—— Tower of London, 1840, 10s.
—— Old St. Paul's, 1 vol., 1847, 10s.
—— Guy Fawkes, 3 vols., 1841 or 1844, 30s.
—— Ditto, 1 vol., 1857, 10s.
—— Miser's Daughter, 3 vols., 1842, 30s.
—— Ditto, 1 vol., 1848, 10s.
—— James the Second, 3 vols., 1848, 10s.
—— Crichton, 1837, 3 vols., 10s.
—— Ditto, 1 vol., 1849, 10s.
—— Lancashire Witches, 1849, 3 vols., 10s.
—— The Star Chamber, 1857, 10s.
—— The Spendthrift, 1857, 10s.
—— Mervyn Clitheroe, 1858, 10s.
—— Combat of the Thirty. 1859, 5s.
—— Ovingdean Grange, 1860, 5s.
—— Auriol, first edition, uncut, 1845, 5s.
—— Sir John Chiverton, a Romance, 1826, 5s.
A Letter to Lord Ellenborough, Barnstaple, 1812, 10s.
Alken, Shooting, 6 plates, 1823, 30s.
—— Illustrations of Popular Songs, 1823, 30s.
—— Notions, a series of 36 plates, 20s.
—— Hunting, or Six Hours' Sport, by Three Real Good Ones, 1823, 30s.
—— Life of a Racehorse, 1848, £2
—— Any books illustrated by him
—— Any sets of prints or separate ones by him
Anatomy of Melancholy, 1621, £2
An Historical Account of Pensilvania, 1698, £2
A Rent in a Cloud, green cloth, Chapman and Hall, N.D. (1869), 5s.
Arnold (Matthew), England and Italian Question, 1859, 5s.
—— Friendship's Garland, 1871, 5s.
Artists' Repository, 4 vols., 4to, 30s.
A Sentimental Journey, 2 vols., 1768, 5s.
Assurance Magazine, vols. 1 to 13, 30s.
Audubon (J.), Birds of America, 7 vols., £10
Barker (T.), Art of Angling, 4to, 1653, 25s.
Barlow (F.), Severall Wayes of Hunting, Hawking, and Fishing, plates, folio 1671, 25s.
Beaumont and Fletcher's Works, 11 vols., 1843, £3
—— 1 vol., 1647, £3
Bentham's (Jeremy) Works, 11 vols., 1843, £2
Berkeley (G. F.), Reminiscences of a Huntsman, 1854, 10s.
Bickham (G.), Musical Entertainer, 1733 or 1740, 25s.
Bourriennes' Life of Napoleon, 4 vols., 1836, 7s. 6d.
Boydell's Illustrations to Shakespeare (100) folio, 1802, £3
Boys (W.), Collections for Sandwich, Kent, 2 vols., 4to, 1792, 25s.
British Theatrical Gallery, 1825, 7s. 6d.
Britannia Newspaper, 1841, 10s.
Brome (A.), Songs and other Poems, 8vo. 1661, 30s.
Brough's Life of Falstaff, in monthly parts or cloth, 1858, 15s.
Brown, Jones, and Robinson, 1854, 5s.
Bunbury (H.), Illustrations to Shakespeare, 21 plates, imp. folio, 1792-6, 30s.
Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, 1678 or 1684, £10 each
—— Holy War, 1682, £10
—— Any of his Works before 1700, £10
Burton (R. F.), El Medinah and Mecca, 3 vols., 15s.
Cabinet of Genius, 2 vols., 1787, 20s.
Carew (Thomas), Poems, 8vo, 1640, £2
Cartwright's Comedies and Poems, 1651, 20s.
Catesby's Natural History of Carolina, 2 vols., 1771, £2
Century Guild Hobby Horse, 6 vols., 1886-92, 25s.
Chaucer (G.), Canterbury Tales, 1526, £10
—— Works, 1538, 1542, or 1561, £3 each
—— Poems, 6 vols., Pickering, 1846, 15s.
Chronicles of Fashion, 2 vols., 1845, 10s.
Churchill (C.), Poetical Works, 3 vols., 1844, 15s.
Cicero, Cato Major, 1774, 5s.
Cockton (H.), Valentine Vox in monthly parts or cloth, 1840, 10s.
—— Sylvester Sound, in monthly parts or cloth, 1843, 10s.
Comic History of Rome, in monthly parts or brown cloth, N.D., 20s.
Comic Nursery Tales, Orr and Co., N.D., 20s.
Contarini Fleming, first edition, 4 vols., 1834, 5s.
Coryat's Crudities, 1611, £10
Cotton, Compleat Angler, 1676, £1
Cox (D.), Landscape Painting, 7s. 6d.
Cromwell, a Prize Poem, Oxford, 1843, 5s.
Cruikshank (George or Robert), any books or pamphlets illustrated by these artists
—— Table Books, in parts or cloth, 1845, 15s.
—— Omnibus, in parts or cloth, 1842, 15s.
—— My Sketch Book, in 9 parts, 1834, 20s.
—— Scraps and Sketches, 4 parts, 1826-32, 20s.
—— Whom to Marry, in monthly parts or cloth, Bogue, N.D., 7s. 6d.
—— Greatest Plague of Life, in monthly parts or cloth, Bogue, N.D., 7s. 6d.

(Continued on page 42.)

THOMAS NELSON & SONS'
NEW CENTURY LIBRARY
of Standard Works on Royal India Paper.

Each Work half-an-inch thick. Size 4½ by 6½ inches. Prices, **2s.** to **3s. 6d.** net, according to binding.

New style complete in One Vol.

The Type in this Vol. is the same as that used in Two Vols. Old Style reproduced.

By the use of NELSON'S INDIA PAPER (the thinnest printing paper in the world) the Best Books by the Best Authors are produced in a handy size for the pocket, although the type is large and suited to all sights. These Editions of Standard Works in elegant bindings are the smallest size, the lightest weight, and the largest type.

Old style Two Vols.

The Poetical Works of ROBERT BURNS. Complete in 1 Vol.
With Appreciation by LORD ROSEBERY. "A dainty and attractive edition."

NEWEST VOLUMES.

JANE AUSTEN'S WORKS. Complete in Two Volumes.

Vol. I. (1,000 pages) ready, containing "**Pride and Prejudice,**" "**Mansfield Park,**" and "**Northanger Abbey.**"

Vol. II. (immediately), containing "**Sense and Sensibility,**" "**Emma,**" and "**Persuasion.**"

TOM BURKE OF "OURS." CHARLES LEVER.

CHARLES O'MALLEY. By CHARLES LEVER.

PREVIOUSLY ISSUED.

THACKERAY'S WORKS. Complete in 14 Volumes.

DICKENS'S WORKS. In 13 Volumes.

SCOTT'S WORKS. Complete in 25 Volumes.

WESTWARD HO! CHARLES KINGSLEY.

JANE EYRE. CHARLOTTE BRONTË.

LAST DAYS OF POMPEII. LORD LYTTON.

POETICAL WORKS OF LORD TENNYSON, 1830-1859.

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION. THOMAS CARLYLE.

ADVENTURES OF DON QUIXOTE. CERVANTES.

BUNYAN'S WORKS. One Volume.

***** Sample Pages and Illustrated Prospectus post free on application.***

THOMAS NELSON & SONS, 35 & 36, PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON, E.C.; PARKSIDE, EDINBURGH; AND NEW YORK.

In Elegant Taste.

PLAIN SILVER OR ROLLED GOLD

'SWAN' Fountain Pens

30/- 40/-
32/- 42/-

POST FREE IN CASE.

Also—
LADIES' Hanging 'SWAN' PENS
with Chains,
21/-, 37/6 to 63/-

See Complete Catalogue Free.
Also sold by Stationers and Jewellers.

Mabie, Todd & Bard,
93, Cheapside, LONDON, E.C.
95a, Regent St., W.; 3, Exchange St., Manchester and 37, Ave. de l'Opera, Paris.

NEW MODEL TYPEWRITER.

OLD FEATURES IMPROVED . . . . . MANY NEW FEATURES.

THE Light Running Yost, so termed because of the Smoothness, Quietness and Swiftness of its working, is the latest model of the well-known YOST, famous for its Beautiful Work.

THE LIGHT-RUNNING Yost

Send for illustrated booklet.
The YOST TYPEWRITER Co. Ltd.
50 HOLBORN VIADUCT, LONDON·E·C.